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DOCTOR WHO
MAGAZINE

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DWM 286 • 12 Jan 2000
UK £3.20 • US $6.40

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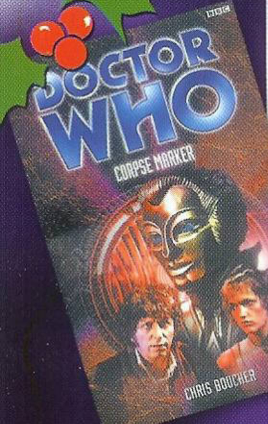
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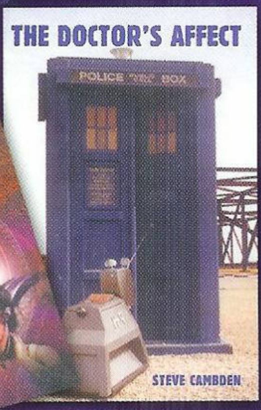
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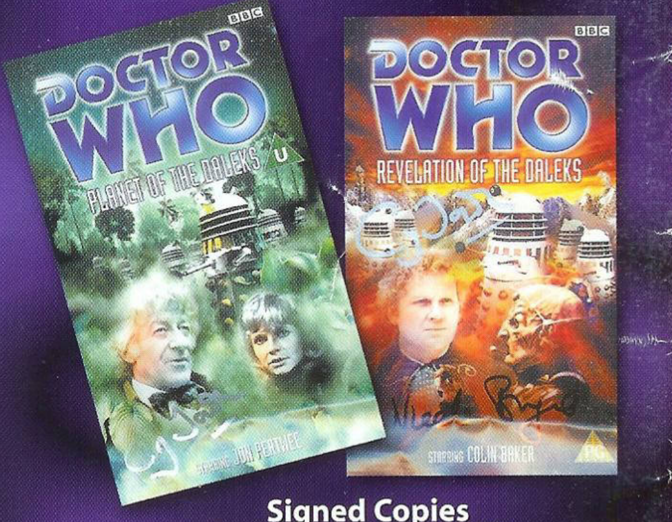
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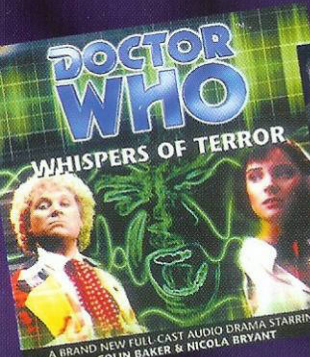
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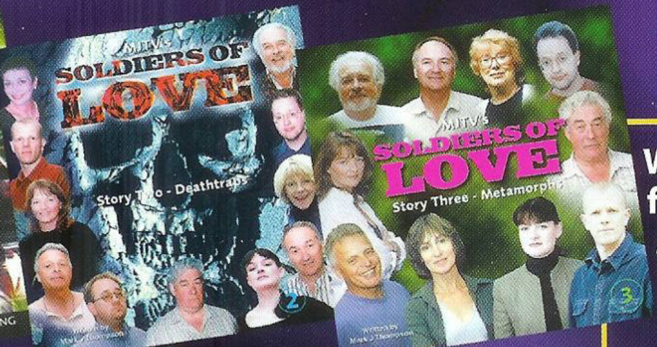
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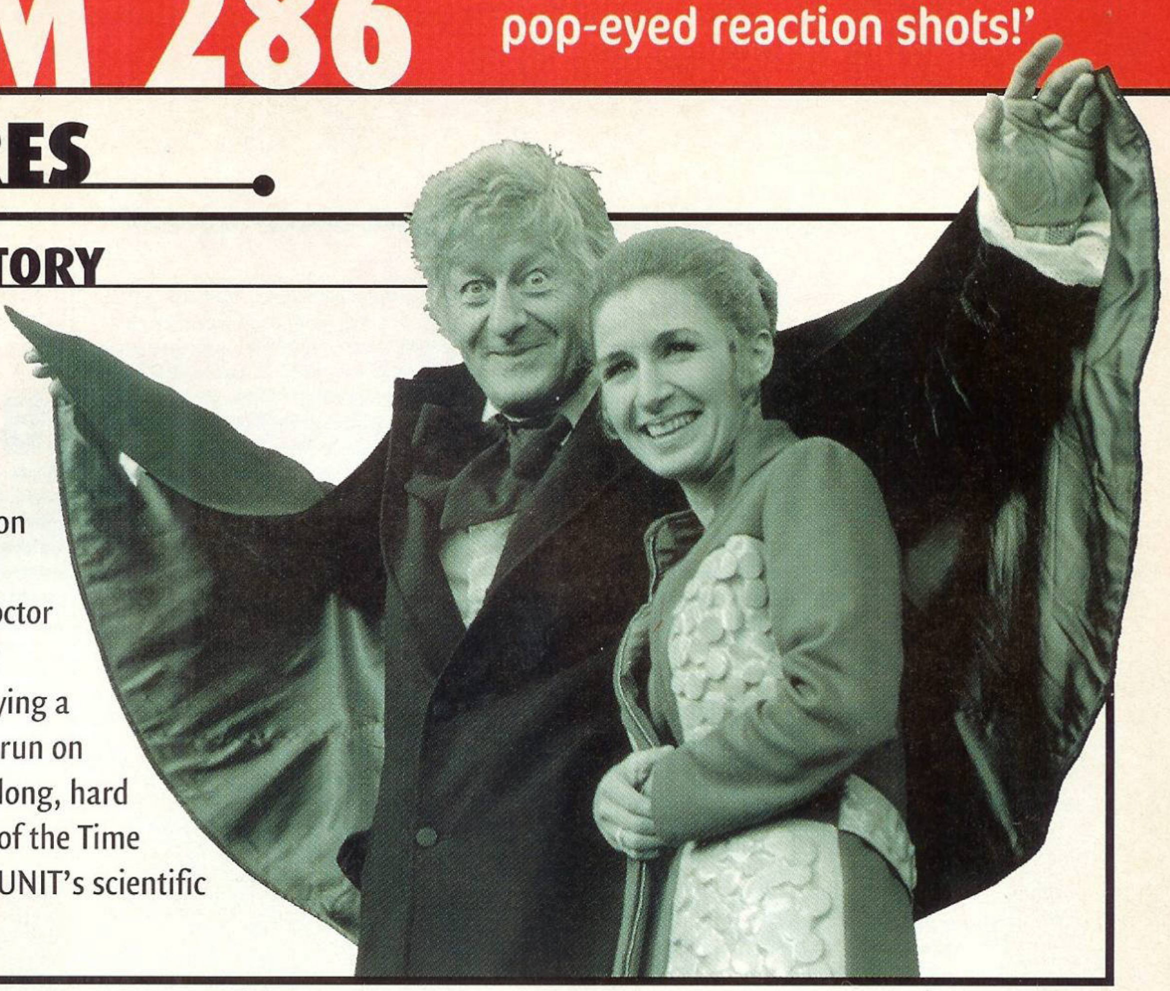

Seventh heaven!

Thirty years on from his first appearance on British television screens, the Third Doctor rides again now that Season Seven is enjoying a long-overdue repeat run on BBC2! **DWM** takes a long, hard look at the first year of the Time Lord's time spent as UNIT's scientific adviser . . .

26 The moral of the story is . . .

What can one *learn* from the Hartnell era, apart from the effects of 'space pressure' and spurious trivia about the French Revolution? We ask what life lessons might be contained in the First Doctor years . . .

44 Trevor Ray

Exclusive! **DWM** tracks down the man who served as *Doctor Who*'s assistant script editor during the turbulent changeover between Troughton and Pertwee . . .

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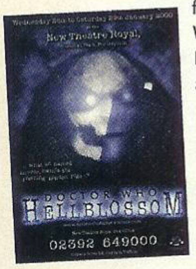
Gallifrey Guardian

Doctors to reunite on Millennium eve?

Several of the surviving Doctor actors have been approached to appear in character as part of the BBC's line-up of special programmes bridging 31 December 1999 and 1 January 2000. It seems that this was initially hoped to be transmitted live as part of Gaby Roslin's New Year's Eve show, but the various actors' other commitments have made this unlikely. As **DWM** went to press, it was unclear whether they could be brought together in a small pre-recorded segment.

Curtain up on new Who show

A new *Doctor Who* play, *Hellblossom*, premieres in Portsmouth between 26 and 29 January 2000. Set in a fogbound Victorian London, this adventure sees a new Doctor (Mark Wright) and his assistant Sha'attara (Alexia Daniels) embroiled in a murder mystery which somehow involves a terrible alien being known only as Spring-Heeled Jack . . . Produced by The Battered Suitcase Theatre Company, the show can be seen at the New Theatre Royal, Guildhall Walk, Portsmouth. For more information, call the box office on 02392 649000, or see the website at: *www.batteredsuitcase.mcmail.com*



Co-producer confirms withdrawal from movie

Jeremy Bolt, erstwhile producer of the mooted *Doctor Who* film, has announced that, as reported in **DWM** 285's *Gallifrey Guardian* report, his association with the project has indeed ended. Impact Films, the company run by Bolt and director Paul Anderson, had been working alongside distributors Artisan Entertainment and BBC Films. Bolt told a leading science fiction magazine: "Artisan Entertainment and ourselves have parted company with the BBC. They decided not to go with it . . . It'll take the BBC God knows how long to sort something else out . . . I really don't want to talk about it any more." However, **DWM** understands that BBC Films still wishes to develop a *Doctor Who* feature for theatrical release at some point in the future.

Change of direction for Eighth Doctor novels?

Grant Mitchell creator outlines new books companion

Come the year 2001, the Eighth Doctor will be accompanied on a whole new chapter in his BBC Books adventures by a new regular character.

Although no further details have been released at present, he or she is being developed by Colin Brake, who has worked as writer and script editor on TV shows as varied as *Bugs*, *The New Professionals* and ITV's just-finished *Lucy Sullivan is Getting Married* – but his best-known creation is undoubtedly Walford hard nut Grant Mitchell [*pictured*], whose ten-year stretch as arguably *EastEnders'* leading character only recently came to an end.

Before that, however, new range editor Justin Richards promises a startling new direction for the Eighth Doctor books, beginning in the as-yet-unconfirmed July and August releases. This follows immediately on from June's *Freaks*, a satirical, xenophobia-themed tale by former Virgin *New Adventures* editor Rebecca Levene.

September's novel is *Casualties of War*, by newcomer Steve Emmerson – a harrowing, atmospheric story with a fantasy twist set in an England still reeling from the effects of the 1914-1918 Great War. October's *The Turing Test*, by Paul Leonard, continues the war theme, being a thriller set in Europe at the end of the Second World War – and features cameo appearances by novelists Graham Greene, Joseph Heller and, of course, Alan Turing, the father of the computer age. Finally, *The Infinity Doctors* author Lance Parkin makes a long-awaited return to the range in January 2001. Lance's *Father Time* is an epic tale which takes place over more than a decade, and promises to show a side of the Doctor never before revealed.

Of the Past Doctors adventures, former TV writer/script editor Chris Boucher will pen a third Fourth Doctor and Leela novel, *Psience Fiction*, for publication early in 2001. It's been confirmed that no Past Doctors story will be published in March; *Short Trips and Side Steps*, the third BBC Books short stories anthology, will take its place instead.

New strategy for new format

Extended Remembrance for DVD release?

BBC Worldwide is rethinking its strategy for releasing *Doctor Who* stories on the crystal-clear new Digital Versatile Disc format – and it seems likely that, unlike the debut release, *The Five Doctors*, consideration will be given to include extra features, such as behind-the-scenes commentaries.

The provisional schedule given in last month's **DWM** has, therefore, undergone a rejig. It's hoped that new DVDs can be issued on a bimonthly basis from April, with the first three stories being the persistently popular Fourth Doctor murder mystery *The Robots of Death*, the just-repeated and spruced-up print of Third Doctor introduction *Spearhead From Space*, and Seventh Doctor story *Remembrance of the Daleks*. Research is being undetaken to determine if the latter can be released in an extended version, including material cut for timing reasons on its original 1988 transmission.

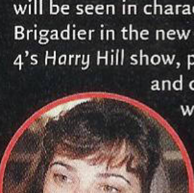
Outside the Spaceship

What Doctor Who's movers and shakers are up to . . .

Compiled by Dominic May

Seasonal shows **Colin Baker** is King Rat in *Dick Whittington* at the Wycombe Swan, High Wycombe from 12 December to 17 January (box office 01494 512000). **Sylvester McCoy** is an Ugly Sister in *Cinderella* at the Theatre Royal, Norwich from 18 Dec to 22 Jan (01603 630000). **Nicholas Courtney** is the King in *Snow White and the Seven Dwarves* at the Buxton Opera House from 17 to 30 Dec (01298 72190). **Frazer Hines** is Buttons in *Cinderella* at the Theatre Royal, Lincoln from 16 Dec to 23 Jan (01522 534570). **Richard Franklin** is Baron Hardup in *Cinderella* at the Princess Theatre, Torquay from 17 Dec o 9 Jan (01803 290290). **Bonnie Langford** is *Peter Pan* opposite **Leslie Grantham** as Captain Hook at the Wimbledon Theatre from 10 Dec to 23 Jan (0208 540 0362). **Kate O'Mara** is the Genie of the Lamp in *Aladdin* at the Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford from 10 Dec to 3 Jan (01483 440000). Also, **Peter Purves** directs *Jack and the Beanstalk* at the Cliffs Pavilion Theatre, Southend-on-Sea from 18 Dec to 16 Jan (01702 351135) and **John Nathan-Turner** writes and directs *Mother Goose* at the Elgiva Theatre, Chesham from 9 Dec to 2 Jan (01494 774759).

Television **Peter Davison**'s *At Home With the Braithwaites* will be screened on ITV during January, and has been shortlisted for the Monte Carlo Festival awards. **Nicholas Courtney** will be seen in character as the Brigadier in the new series of Channel 4's *Harry Hill* show, performing a song and dance number with the Cybermen. Lots of *Casualty* connections: **Nicola Bryant** [*pictured*] appears as Susan Harris in the episode *Fall Out*, to be broadcast on BBC1 on 15 January; the previous week's *Untouchable* is directed by **Alan Wareing**, as is 18 December instalment *Just a Kiss*; **Michael Owen Morris** was behind the cameras for 11 December episode *Free Fall*, and is also a regular director on currently-showing sister series *Holby City* – in which **Tony Selby** was a guest star on 2 December. The third series of the **Verity Lambert**-produced *Jonathan Creek* commenced on BBC1 on 27 November; last year's Christmas special *Black Canary* has been nominated as 'Best TV comedy drama' at the British Comedy Awards, to be held on 18 December. **Philip Hinchcliffe** is executive producer of *Black and Blue* and *The Hanging Garden*, two ITV dramas adapted from Ian Rankin's Inspector Rebus novels slated to be shown in the Spring.



Dominic May would like to thank Finola Foy, Tony Jordan, Alasdair MacFarlane, Richard Mills, NGW Ltd, Gordon Roxburgh, Gary Russell, Cyberman Sam, David Saunders and Graeme Wood plus various Doctor Who *cast, crew and their agents for assistance in compiling* Outside the Spaceship *throughout the last millennium – with special thanks to Christopher Robbie.*

Theme night scores low rating, but Spearhead performs well

Cliff cuffs Who in battle of the 60s icons

Initial viewing figures for BBC2's recent *Doctor Who Night* suggested that the themed evening was not a ratings flop – but neither was it a runaway hit, instead scoring adequately if unspectacularly with audiences.

The overnight figures – which will be adjusted to factor in, for example, people watching on video, before official scores are released – measure number of viewers in 15-minute chunks. The *Night* started out with 2.2 million viewers (8.4% of the total available audience), rising to 2.5 (10.2%) during documentary *Adventures in Time and Space*, dropping slightly to 2.0 (8.4%) during creature compendium *Carnival of Monsters*, rising once more to 2.5 (11.2%) for science feature *How to Build a TARDIS*, but plummetting to 1.6 (9.5%) by the end of black and white Dalek episode *The Rescue*. The uncut TV Movie hovered around the 1.3 mark, but gained the highest proportion of audience share for the night, with 13.2% for the final segment.

Overall, figures for the *Night* were well ahead of both Channel 5 and, for the most part, Channel 4. The heftiest competition came from ITV's *An Audience With Cliff Richard* – a staged performance featuring the evangelical singing/acting knight and a host of C-list 'celebrities' – which garnered up to 10.5 million.

Figures for the first of the regular Tuesday evening repeats – *Spearhead From Space* Parts One and Two – were, however, extremely promising, starting at 2.5 million (a 12.8% share) and rising sharply to 3.0 (14.2%). The Third Doctor trounced perky face-of-the-moment Zoe Ball, beating the first of her new series *The Priory* by roughly a million.

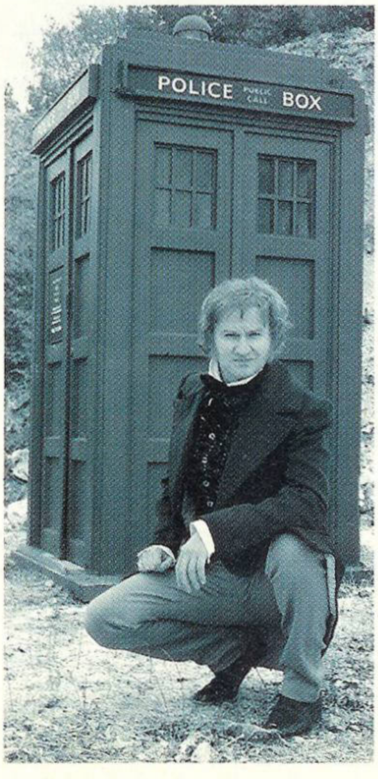
DWM expects to publish the final, confirmed tally for the *Night* next issue – and will continue to monitor figures for the repeats.

For the benefit of those DWM readers overseas (or those with rabid Cliff Richard fans for parents, even) who *couldn't* catch the *Doctor Who Night*, here Peter Ware skips through the highs and lows . . .

Ever since BBC2 began scheduling 'theme nights' covering subjects as diverse as John Peel and Monty Python, *Doctor Who* has been a strong contender for an evening all to itself. On 13 November 1999, heralded by a stunning *Radio Times* front cover, the Saturday we'd been waiting for finally arrived.

Hosted by Tom Baker at his bonkers best, the evening featured an eclectic mix of items, from celebrity interviews and rare behind-the-scenes footage to comedy skits and mini-features on the science of both the TARDIS and bodily regeneration.

The documentary section which attempted to put 26-plus years of televised *Who* in perspective appeared rather uneven in content. Some incidents were covered in far too much detail for such an overview – reminiscences about filming the unicorn in *The Mind Robber*, for example – whilst other, more important events, were glossed over with barely a comment (eg, the *Trial of a Time Lord* season). It was a good effort, but lacked the inventiveness of *30 Years in the TARDIS*, which did the same job so well back in 1993. More entertaining was the later section devoted to a *Carnival of Monsters* – particularly where clips of creatures such as the Autons or Sea Devils were skilfully matched to emotive pieces of classical music.



WHO
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What Joe Public made of the sketches featuring the inimitable Mark Gatiss is anyone's guess. For us fans (sorry, *enthusiasts*), they were possibly the highlights of the night – cleverly written, acidly funny vignettes, so long as you could forgive the unsubtle digs at 1980s *Who*!

The decision to show the final episode of *The Daleks* in the latter part of the evening was unlikely to please many people. A Saturday night audience, possibly the worse for wear after alcoholic refreshment, was unlikely to stick with such a slow, dated piece of black and white television, however wonderful it might actually be – and certainly not one which only features the eponymous Daleks sparingly. For we pedantic *enthusiasts*, it was irritating to find that the episode had inexplicably been re-edited, cutting a chunk from the middle and losing the 'Next Episode' caption.

To round off the night there was a welcome first chance for viewers in the UK to see the 'uncut' version of the Paul McGann TV Movie, complete with gun battle scene and extended operating theatre sequences.

If the idea of the evening was to help stimulate interest in *Doctor Who* prior to the run of terrestrial repeats, then the evening can count as a qualified success. Few will have stayed the entire course, but those who did will now have several images forever etched on their mind – Tom Baker skipping in the park, Peter Davison bound and gagged . . . And of course, that fabulous BBC2 Dalek logo. A night to remember!

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PLUS! Our guide to living life the Doctor Who way
DOCTOR WHO
He's back to save the world!
The Third Doctor materialises on BBC2

If this is really 2000 AD, then where are all the anti-gravity bubblecars?

Devout **DWM** readers will doubtless be aware that, just two weeks hence (assuming you're a subscriber, or you've rushed out to purchase this issue on the day of publication – and if not, why not?), our Time Lord hero is going to be having the single busiest day of his lives. Over in San Francisco, the Eighth will be struggling to prevent the planet Earth from being pulled inside out (see the TV Movie); here in the UK, the Fourth will be battling an intelligent computer virus named Voractyll (see *Millennium Shock*), the Sixth will witness Canary Wharf become the dark heart of the magical domain of Saraquazel (see *Millennial Rites*) and the Seventh will be attending a reception given by the new head of Hammerson Plastics who – lumme! – will turn out to be yet another overambitious Auton (see the comic strip *Plastic Millenium*. Yes, you did read "Millenium". Shocking, isn't it?). Given all that, it seems perfectly reasonable to assume that, come midnight on the 31 December 1999, Doctors One, Two, Three, Five and Nine onwards will meanwhile be tied together in a field somewhere north of Melton Mowbray, where most likely Beep the Meep will be whipping out an Acme Time Destructor from deep within his furry pelt.

Whatever, the point is that we 20th century boys and girls have long seen 2000 AD as the point at which the mad future science fiction space age begins – well, I know I always have – and I'm slightly worried that there's only a couple of weeks left to go. I mean, if this is the year 2000, where are the anti-gravity bubblecars, the matter transporters beaming down groceries from Safeways, the holidays on the Moon – and where the blinking flip is my own ultra-modern personal microwave ray gun? It's only just starting to dawn that the year 2000 is going to look uncannily like the year 1999, and *that*, quite frankly, hasn't looked all that different from, say, 1970 – check out the Season Seven repeats on BBC2 and our special tie-in features about Pertwee's first year in this very issue if you don't believe me (sorry, but I've got to crowbar something *slightly* relevant into this column somehow, or Gary'll get all shirty and unnecessary when he gets back from his five days' Off-Peak AwayBreak in sunny Bridlington).

Anyhow, I'm not half looking forward to getting this Millennium business over and done with, if only so's science fiction in general can stop prophesying the imminent breakdown of society and getting on with depicting fabulous glittering future Utopias with moving pavements and food machines and everyone wearing shiny silver jumpsuits and stuff – just like *Doctor Who* used to say it would be, back in the 1960s. My Campaign for the Return of Absurd Predictions starts next issue, on sale 13 January 2000 – the Millennium Bug, the collapse of civilisation and the coming of the Apocalypse permitting, of course.

Hey-ho. Happy New Year, everyone.

Editors Gary Gillatt & Alan Barnes
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Thanks to Richard Bignell, Marcus Hearn, Anthony Mackay, Richard Molesworth, Trevor Ray, Jac Rayner, Adrian Rigelsford, Gary Russell, Martin Wiggins, BBC Books, BBC Video, BBV and Big Finish

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Subscriptions: MRM, 01858 410510. ISSN 0957-9818

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Attack of the Cybermen – quite suitable for children, we're told

TOTS TV?

DWM 284's lead feature, *If you tolerate this your children will be next* – in which writer Vic Camford asked if grown-up fans would ever be prepared to sacrifice their ideas of what *Doctor Who* should be, continuity references and all, for the sake of future generations of young first-time viewers – generated, none-too-surprisingly, an immense response. So much so that we've turned over most of this issue's *Timelines* to the subject . . .

I found myself agreeing with most of the points raised in Vic Camford's article debating whether future *Who* should be made for children or adults. However, the article did not clarify just what defines a programme as being intended for children, adults or families. In my opinion, it is not merely the subject matter, but the way in which it is portrayed. The *Alien* series of movies, for example, are pure *Doctor Who* in terms of subject matter and storyline but presented in a way which is definitely only suitable for an adult audience.

Doctor Who has employed a variety of styles through the years but, even as early as Season One, it swayed between children's and family entertainment. *The Daleks*, with its moral dilemmas, good acting and intelligent script, gives adults and teenagers something to latch onto, whilst the futuristic setting and monsters keep the younger members of the audience interested. The argument between the regulars as to whether or not they should persuade the Thals to fight the Daleks is amongst the most intelligently-written dialogue I have seen in 'family entertainment'.

The Keys of Marinus, on the other hand, is pure comic strip pitched at an audience with a short attention span. The characters are generally weak and two-dimensional with a poorly-conceived plot which doesn't withstand close scrutiny. It is almost as though the people involved are saying, 'It's OK – it's just for kids.'

The irony, though, is that children do not like being patronised. Plan the series/movie/whatever at a more adult level and children are likely to embrace it. *Doctor Who* was fashionable in the playground when it seemed scary and dramatic and grown-up.

I am not advocating a new vision of *Doctor Who* which is gratuitously violent or explicitly sexual, simply one pitched at a certain intellectual level. Vic's article implies that the only way a new series could capture a major audience is by alienating the fans; I believe that whilst it is not possible to please all the people all the time, it is possible to attract a new generation of viewers to *Doctor Who* whilst retaining the majority of existing fans. Just do what has been done before; aim for the middle-ground between *The Keys of Marinus* and *Alien*, something which is neither juvenile nor unsuitable for younger viewers. That way we might get something like *The Daleks* – and just look what that did for the series back in 1963 . . .

Peter Frankum
via e-mail

I'd just like to applaud Vic Camford's article. Spot on, and about time too! I've recently read Lawrence Miles' *Interference* and let me say that I found it boring, depressing and not what I follow

Doctor Who for at all. I am 17 and I would instantly choose from a great many stories that were made before I was born, like *City of Death*, *Creature From the Pit* or (gasp!) *Nightmare of Eden* over this pile of flapdoodle.

The Phantom Menace is a wonderful parallel to draw. It's child-like, innocent and a lot of fun. Although it pains me to say it, George Lucas' film has more in common with classic *Who* than the BBC Books 'epic'. Qui-Gonn's wise comment that "there is always a bigger fish" or Yoda's "hate leads to suffering" speech sound more like the Doctor I know than the impostor who scribbles equations in his own blood while being endlessly tortured in a grimy prison cell. Trying to be adult all the time has robbed *Doctor Who* of its soul and made it painfully grim. It used to be that the Doctor's adventures in time and space were wonderfully escapist and refreshing, now they leave a bad taste in the mouth. We have to re-establish that child's sense of wonder at the limitless possibilities of imagination, instead of getting stuck in the mire of continuity and endless re-examinations of past history. When I finished reading *Interference* I felt like I wanted to die, but when I'd finished reading Vic's article I felt like cheering. Very well done!

James Guy
via e-mail

My children, now aged eight and six, caught the first two Peter Cushing films on TV. It was love at first sight with the Daleks. There followed the Comic Relief sketch – the Master scored a big hit. Then *Blue Peter* showed an array of monsters – wonderful. Now, having watched several videos from the library and the repeats on satellite TV, I have two avid *Doctor Who* fans. Several of my friends' children are equally smitten.

This is a generation brought up on *Star Wars* special effects, but obviously a good story with monsters, humour, fantasy and imagination mean far more. *Doctor Who* has lost none of its magic or its appeal as family entertainment. If the BBC were to make a new series of Doctor Who but with all the old ingredients and showed it in its appropriate slot on a Saturday teatime, believe me they would have a hit on their hands . . .

Jane Littlehales
Bessacarr, Doncaster

IS VIC (ALL) THERE?

The larger part of this month's correspondence was similarly supportive of Vic's thesis – "If we could be sure that the producers of any new *Doctor Who*, whoever they turn out to be, understood the nature of the show as well as Vic Camford does, then we could all sleep a lot more easily," reckoned **Richard Layton** of Allestree, Derby, for instance – but nonetheless a number of you had a few particular reservations . . .

I can't help feeling that Vic Camford under-estimates the child audience. My first season of *Doctor Who*, aged five, was the little-loved Season 22. True, I didn't understand all of *Attack*'s continuity references, but I didn't care. The noise the Cybermen made when they died was really funny, and endlessly imitated at primary school. Similarly, *Revelation of the Daleks* was indescribably wonderful. "Guess what! The Daleks have taken the Doctor prisoner!" I ran to inform my parents during Part Two. I couldn't understand their lack of surprise at this terrifying turn of events. Not only that, but there was a man picking his nose! Could TV get any better?

The point is that Saward's 'machine gun' era is just as accessible to children as any other. Camford has fallen into his own trap, dismissing a whole era for spurious reasons. He does the same with the *New Adventures*. Even though he takes several pages to say it, he is just another fan insisting the programme should be like it was when he enjoyed it.

Andrew Lawston
via e-mail

While I welcomed Vic Camford's assault on continuity obsession, I'm afraid his article was symptomatic of the snobbery towards science fiction that we have come to expect from **DWM**.

Doctor Who is certainly a genre hybrid but to discount SF entirely is ridiculous. Look at the stories Camford cites as examples of *Doctor Who* at its finest. Terry Nation's debt to HG Wells is all too obvious – the Daleks are Morlocks in Martian war machines, with Davros their Dr Moreau. *The Robots of Death* is Isaac Asimov's *The Naked Sun* relocated to a Sandminer from Frank Herbert's *Dune*, while *Kinda* is Ursula K LeGuin's *The Word for World is Forest* stripped of its politics and relevance. Robert Holmes was writing about virtual reality in *The Deadly Assassin* before William Gibson published his first story, and if *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* isn't steampunk then neither is Gibson and Bruce Sterling's *The Difference Engine*. *Doctor Who* may be a hybrid, but let's not ignore the source of its most successful genes.

SF is not only popular but perfectly compatible with the BBC's commitment to inform as well as entertain – but it is looked down upon by the genre snobs because it threatens the cultural divide between the arts and the sciences. If the Doctor makes an irrelevant quote from *Hamlet* we are expected to wet ourselves at his sophistication, but if he refers to entropy it's supposed to be out of character. Once *Doctor Who* has been cleansed of every last vestige of the nasty, techy stuff, our academic division of labour maintained, we can no doubt get back to what Camford thinks *Doctor Who* is *really* about: pantomime.

David Forbes
Widnes, Cheshire

There is so much talk of 'when the series comes back'; excuse me, but it hasn't actually been away. There have been monthly BBC-approved adventures since Virgin took up the *New Adventures* back in the early 1990s. Just as Vic recalls with the television exploits, many were originally loathed, and later realised to be classics. *Transit* is a perfect example.

I find it strange that people do not recognise the 'regeneration' from a TV character to a books character. In many ways I feel that it was all for the best, considering what we might have been subjected to, had the series remained on television. Vic makes the important point that the show was "a bizarre hybrid" of the best of the BBC of the time; television which in the 1990s would have been full of gunge tanks, intergalactic game shows and teenage companions who talked badly and kept pushing their faces into the camera . . .

Michael Stead
via e-mail

So, plenty to ponder over the coming month. One last letter on the subject which leaped out of our in-tray . . .

I think Vic Camford can rest assured that his great-uncle is not the only fan who didn't begin their appreciation as a child. After all, those children had parents and even if the programme was only on as a background for those parents, it did eventually seep into the forefront – at least, it did for me.

Incidentally, I am 66 and still buy my **DWM** and the new videos and the Big Finish CDs – excellent stuff!

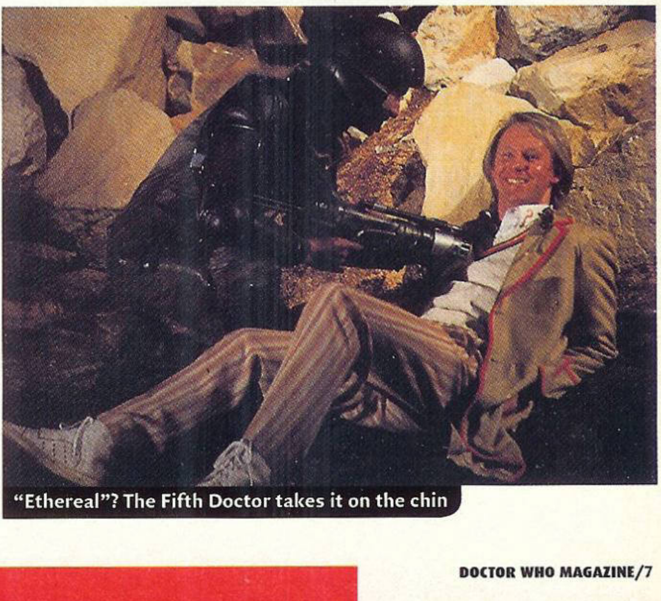
(Mrs) Margaret Desborough
Hemel Hempstead, Herts

FIZZ FALLS FLAT

Much as I admire Vanessa Bishop's multifarious talents, I feel I must respond to her recent review of *Revelation of the Daleks* in which she dismissed the Davison era as filled with "fizzy, 'chin-up' and ethereal adventures . . . which so weakened *Doctor Who*'s momentum." I presume she is referring to the intelligent and highly-regarded scripts that characterised the Fifth Doctor's tenure, and which regularly received greater viewing figures than most of the vacuous or gratuitously violent Colin Baker stories. Did the Colin Baker era ever produce a story as imaginative as *Castrovalva*, or as thoughtful as *Kinda*? I think not. And even if such excellent stories really did "weaken *Doctor Who*'s momentum", they certainly did not stop it dead, which is more than can be said for the Sixth Doctor's era.

So there.

Matt Michael
Leeds, W Yorks



"Ethereal"? The Fifth Doctor takes it on the chin

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE FORD . . .

Thanks to reader **Robert Stanley** for sending in this month's most bizarre journalistic inaccuracy. He writes:

"OnDigital customers receive a listings guide every month, with factoids for each day. This is from the listings for November 23rd:

"'On this day in 1963 . . . *Dr Who* made his television debut. The first doctor, William Hartnell, was accompanied on his time travels by a young female assistant played by TV newscaster Anna Ford.'"

Which is the single funniest thing we've heard in many a year.

As the bulk of Season Seven enjoys a well-deserved re-run on BBC2, Philip MacDonald explains what makes these 25 episodes so special . . .

Cutting a dash

It's a funny beast, Season Seven. With the possible exception of Tom Baker's last, no other season of *Doctor Who* maintains quite such a potent sense of its own uniqueness, a feeling of individual identity which somehow sidesteps the conventional onward march of the show's history. And it's not without reason. The architects of Season Seven, outgoing producer Peter Bryant and his short-lived replacement Derrick Sherwin, were implementing the most drastic makeover the six-year-old programme had yet undergone.

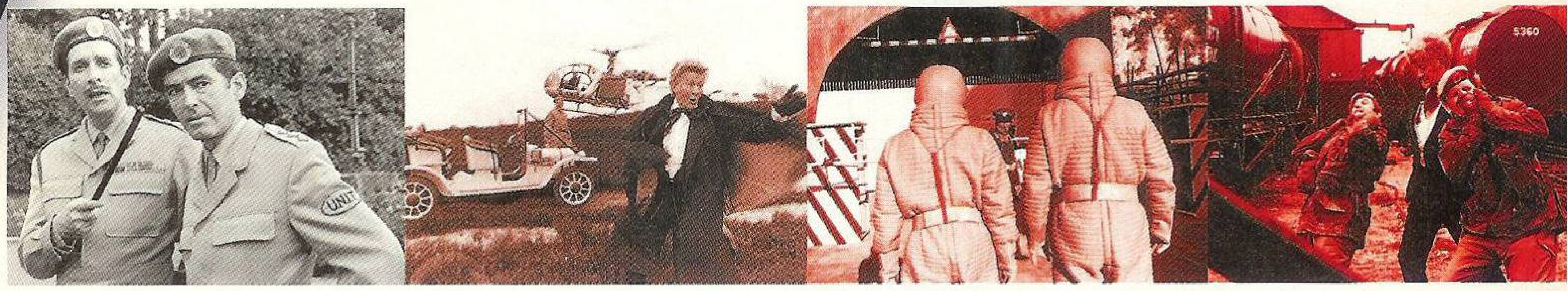
For obvious reasons Season Seven tends to be regarded by fans as the beginning of something radically new. It is, after all, the first season of a new Doctor and a new companion, the first season to be made in colour, and the first outing for the show's new Earthbound format. Behind it lie exactly 50 stories, and the fact that Serial AAA began screening in January 1970 once again rams home the notion of Season Seven as a top-to-bottom overhaul for a new decade.

But on closer inspection the very strangeness of this season resides in the fact that it's rather more complex than that. In fact Season Seven has one foot in the past and another in the future. It's a moment of transition in which it's just as easy to discern key elements of Seasons Five and Six (high-stress scientific bases under siege, the original UNIT scenario and the original UNIT uniforms, helicopters everywhere you look, two pivotal Troughton directors who would never again work on the Pertwee era), as it is to spot the more obvious elements retained for future seasons.

There's a sense in which it might be more helpful to consider Season Seven not as the first season of the 1970s but as the last of the 1960s. Many of the perceived divisions which now separate this season from its predecessor simply didn't occur to the public or the production team at the time. With hindsight and a pristine set of videos it's easy to forget, for example, that the overwhelming majority of viewers watched Season Seven in black and white. Colour television sets didn't overtake black and white ones in the British home until 1977, and at the start of the decade they represented only the tiniest minority. Equally overlooked is the fact that Bryant's and Sherwin's decision to retool *Doctor Who* as an Earth-based serial, in which the Doctor would act as UNIT's scientific adviser, was taken before Patrick Troughton had confirmed his intention to quit the role – so if he'd stayed, Season Seven would in all likelihood have had the same stories and been very similar in style, if not in Doctor.

Notwithstanding the illusion of newness afforded by the turn of a decade, much of Season Seven was in the can before the end of 1969. Any such divisions are absurdly arbitrary, of course; you don't need to be a cultural historian to appreciate that what we popularly think of as 'the 1960s' (Carnaby Street, Mods, the Marquee, Twiggy, the Fab Four in moptop mode) breathed their last around 1967, while what we lazily bracket as 'the 1970s' (glam rock, the Osmonds, Pan's People, oil prices and power cuts) didn't kick in until about 1972. There's precious little in Season Seven which accords with either of these theme-night stereotypes, and still less (give or take Liz Shaw's intriguingly laid-back demeanour) to suggest the long-haired purple haze of Woodstock, Vietnam and LSD which bridged the gap between the two. Season Seven is, in the chart-topping words of Terry Jacks a few years later, a season out of time. A useful by-product, and an immediate strength for today's audience, is that its overall look is now startlingly less dated than the remainder of the Pertwee era.

Another obvious hangover from Season Six is the treatment of the Doctor himself. Each new Doctor's characteristics always undergo a period of flux while the incoming actor finds his level, but it's seldom acknowledged that the figure introduced in *Spearhead From Space* is a far cry from the level-headed moral arbiter with a flair for fisticuffs who would go on to define the Doctor for a new generation. He doesn't even dress the same. There are no tailored velvet smoking-jackets in Season Seven; instead the Doctor's standard attire is based on family heirlooms from Jon Pertwee's attic – the sort of thing you'd get if you asked the Second Doctor to dress as the Third. Viewers accustomed to the sharp dresser of later seasons will be disoriented not only to see the Doctor donning a hospital gown and a spacesuit but, in the final episode of *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, crawling around the floor in a T-shirt.



Season Seven marks a point of transition – with one foot in the past and one in the future

But it runs far deeper than clothes. The first thing to notice about the opening instalment of *Spearhead From Space* is how shockingly little we get to see of the Doctor himself. Jon Pertwee has considerably less screen time than any of the other Doctors in their respective debut episodes. Bryant's and Sherwin's priorities lie in establishing the realignment of the show's setting and style, and they go about this by promoting the only familiar face – Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart – to the status of lead character for the duration of that crucial opening episode. His interview with newcomer Liz Shaw enables the Brigadier to provide us with a thumbnail sketch of the UNIT scenario, and it isn't until well into the episode that the Doctor gets to speak his first significant words – words which mainly serve to reinforce a sense of continuity with previous encounters. That one brief section of dialogue at the Doctor's bedside is his only major speaking scene in the whole of the first episode, a bold gambit which allows the show the time and space to reinvent itself while enticing the viewers to tune in again next week for more clues about the nature of the central character himself.

When we reach Episode 2, the man we finally meet has more in common with the popular perception of the Doctor's second incarnation than that of his third. In a succession of sequences played entirely for comedy, the new Doctor fritters away the best part of an episode singing in the shower, dressing up as Oscar Wilde, stealing a vintage car and berating a hapless car park attendant who bears a passing resemblance to a BBC drama producer. At the climax of the story his grapple with the Nestene monster's tentacles is as good as played for laughs. Even after these comic excesses have died down, the music-hall element of the Third Doctor remains surprisingly strong throughout Season Seven. According to Jon Pertwee it was originally suggested that his Doctor might play the guitar and sing comic ditties, and although this was never to be, his penchant for vaudeville remains a strong motif throughout the early part of his incumbency. Throughout the season he can be heard yodelling songs ranging from *Shine on Harvest Moon* to *La Donna é Mobile*, and his elastic facial contortions and pop-eyed reaction shots persist in even the grimmest of episodes. In the slipstream of Patrick Troughton's unprecedented clowning throughout Season Six, it's clear there was a general assumption that his successor would continue to play the part with an eye on its comic potential. Peter Bryant, who cast the new Doctor, later admitted that Jon Pertwee "seemed to have everything I was looking for to give the show a more light-hearted approach."

The concept of the Third Doctor as comedian was soon quashed, however, and paradoxically the latter three stories of the season often see the Time Lord at his least humorous ever. True, there are many moments of levity in the Doctor's one-to-one scenes with Liz, while the first signs of his entertaining tendency to bait authority figures surface in

Photos: BBC Video [13] BBC [3] Richard Bignell [2]

Spearhead From Space: Plastics head Channing stalked by the Brigadier and Liz

Spearhead From Space: in Madame Tussaud's

Doctor Who and the Silurians ("I've got no time to chat to under-secretaries, permanent or otherwise") and *Inferno* ("I'll tell you something that should be of vital interest to you, Professor – you, sir, are a nitwit!"). Otherwise, save for the earliest stirrings of the comedic Doctor/Brigadier relationship in *Inferno* – to which we'll return in a moment – the Doctor we see in these seven-parters is played almost entirely straight. It's a major sea-change not only with regard to the comic routines in *Spearhead From Space*, but also in terms of *Doctor Who*'s history in general. Previously, give or take the occasional moment of mystery in the early Hartnell period, the Doctor had always managed to come across as a slightly mad but reliably cuddly uncle. Pertwee's radical revision now invested the character with the aloofness, impatience and downright vanity of Sherlock Holmes at his most antic.

This development is reflected in a concerted change of tone in the programme as a whole. This is a season to which fans traditionally point when they want to make approving noises about 'gritty realism' and 'adult drama' although, as Vic Camford pointed out in a recent **DWM** article, it would be fruitless to push any such claims to the point of absurdity. None of Season Seven, not even *Inferno*, is adult drama in the sense that *Cathy Come Home* or *Edge of Darkness* are adult drama, but nevertheless the season's preoccupation with themes of militarism, political machination, paranoia and conspiracy signal a major realignment away from the idealistic moral parables and fairytale fantasies of Troughton's last season. After the comparatively traditional *milieu* of *Spearhead From Space*, the remainder of Season Seven presents villainy not as a succession of bug-eyed alien invaders, but as an inevitable result of self-interest, fear, prejudice, intractable dogma or scientific hubris. Overturning the Troughton era's comparatively straightforward manifesto about some corners of the universe breeding things that epitomise evil, Season Seven opens the door on a universe in which genuine moral compassion, not binary opposition, is the touchstone of a hero.

With regard to the show's new-found "grittiness", however, suspicions ride high that what we mostly mean is that Season Seven is quite violent – which it certainly is, although at this stage a mature approach to the consequences of violence remains a vital ingredient in the mix. But once again, the much-vaunted increase in stunts and artillery doesn't simply arrive out of the blue; it's a development which has its roots firmly in Season Six. The gun battle between Autons and UNIT troops at the climax of *Spearhead From Space* is descended directly from its counterpart in the final episode of *The Invasion* (indeed, some of it was filmed at exactly the same location – spot the metal staircase which appears in both). Troughton's final story, *The War Games*, had already been responsible for arguably the most explicit scenes of violence yet seen in the series: witness the unceremonious sniping-down of Jamie's Redcoat ally in Episode Two, and in particular the sequence in which Zoe averts her eyes in horror as the resistance men club to death the occupants of a machine-gun post in Episode Seven.

This aspect of the show had clearly been a significant factor on the production team's agenda for some time, although no *Doctor Who* story had never before offered sequences as graphic as the gunfight in Episode 1 of *The Ambassadors of Death*, or the hard-hitting and stunningly directed car crash in Episode 2 of *Spearhead From Space*, or the action sequence leading up to Roy Scammell's record-breaking stunt fall from a gasometer in Episode 3 of *Inferno*.

We're still some way off the point at which the Doctor is a central participant in violence

Crucially, however, in Season Seven we're still some way off the point at which the Doctor himself is a central participant in the violence. Belying his popular image as a man of action, at this stage the Third Doctor is still more like his predecessor, tinkering with gadgets in the background while UNIT handles the rough stuff. Jon Pertwee has hardly any fight scenes in the entire season; we have to wait until *Inferno* for our first fleeting glimpse of Venusian Aikido, prior to which the Third Doctor seldom lifts a finger, let alone throws a punch.

There's a lot else about Season Seven that is experimental, as though the production team were casting their net wide and test-driving different approaches to be cherry-picked for consolidation in the event of the programme being granted a reprieve: remember, more so than its predecessor, this is a season which nearly wound up being *Doctor Who*'s last. Barry Letts had already been asked by his superiors to pitch ideas for a replacement when the decision was made to continue with the show after *Inferno*. Nowhere is this experimental spirit clearer than in the season's idiosyncratic title sequences. Several 1960s stories (most recently, of course, *The War Games*) had boasted specially-shot title captions, but Season Seven sees a systematic manipulation of the titles that leaves no two stories the same. *Inferno* repeats the option taken by the likes of *The War Games* and *The Ice Warriors*, superimposing the episode captions over appropriately atmospheric library footage. *Spearhead From Space* chooses to zoom in the caption against Bernard Lodge's new title sequence, while *The Ambassadors of Death* not only has a more elaborate variation on the same effect, but also boasts the never-to-be-repeated trick of dropping in the episode recaps halfway through the opening credits. Even *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, by virtue of its title, upsets the usual order of things.

Another obvious stylistic experiment is Season Seven's use of incidental music, which is so unusual and fragmentary that it contributes greatly to the overall air of rough-edged innovation. Notably, *Inferno* is the only Pertwee story to employ stock music in place of a specially composed score, and almost perversely for such an action-packed tale director Douglas Camfield opts for a set of minimalist electronic washes, which are instrumental (so to speak) in marking out *Inferno* as one of the most unsettling experiences of 1970s *Doctor Who*, at times almost documentary in its stark delivery. Stranger still is Carey Blyton's extraordinary music for *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, which uses the medieval shawm to provide a wheezing, primeval Silurian theme which counterpoints the jaunty clarinet-led UNIT music. It's a truly bizarre creation which splits fan opinion right down the middle, but even those who find it unacceptably quirky are impressed by sequences such as that in Episode 2 in which a conventional piece of pastoral music lulls the viewer into a false sense of security over homely establishing shots of a farm, only to be undercut by the dissonant groaning of the Silurian theme as a reptilian claw emerges from Farmer Squire's hay. Majestic – and, like the cellos, flutes and guitars that dominate Dudley Simpson's beautifully atmospheric scores for the remaining two stories, a far cry from the strident buzz of synthesizers that would become *Doctor Who*'s house style the following year.

And then, of course, there's the other great experiment of the seventh season: the idea of installing a companion who is the Doctor's intellectual equal. Even in the space of four stories it's easy enough to see that Liz Shaw would have been a difficult character to keep up over a sustained period – in all four she is pointedly separated from the Doctor for long periods and given suitably technical sub-plots to carry, but expository dialogue between the two is a running problem. The easy confidence of their exchanges around the TARDIS console in *Ambassadors* and *Inferno* is something quite new for the show, hinting at a level of interpersonal rapport that would not become apparent again until the days of the Fourth Doctor and Romana, but for this reason if no other Liz was always a tricky proposition. As we know, the reversion to a more traditional companion was top of Barry Letts' agenda when the next season received the green light, and it was probably just as well. What we're left with is a strong, well-drawn character who never suffered the indignity of being watered down, as she assuredly would have been had she stayed. With her ever-changing hairstyles, level-headed scepticism, unexpected display of fluent French and readiness to give the Doctor short shrift, Liz Shaw is one of the series' neglected gems: entirely untenable as an ongoing companion, but fabulous while she lasted.

The same might be said of the Brigadier – the original one, that is. In Season Seven UNIT is still the shady, itinerant secret service suggested by *The Invasion* a year earlier. Headquarters may no longer be a customised aeroplane, but there's still a clear sense that this is a covert outfit whose operatives pop up where and when they are required. In later seasons many stories begin with mysteries being brought to the Doctor in his lab, fostering a homely sense of UNIT HQ as a place of safety where the Brigadier can hold councils of war and lay on the hot, sweet tea. By contrast, each of the three seven-parters begins with UNIT already installed at the scene of the action, only calling on the Doctor when his input as scientific adviser is specifically required. There's precious little domesticity here.

The downbeat ending to the Silurian story is unique because it's a climax the series could only deliver once

Above and inset: horror from inner space in *Doctor Who and the Silurians*

***Doctor Who and the Silurians*: the Doctor locked in moral debate**

More fundamentally, the character of Lethbridge-Stewart is still a long way off the serio-comic foil he would eventually become. This Brigadier is no military buffoon, proving himself a cool-headed tactician and a man of decisive action. In *Spearhead From Space* and *The Ambassadors of Death* he leads his men from the front, while in *Doctor Who and the Silurians* he has no compunction in using physical threats to quarantine the infected hospital. At the same time, his independent agenda means that his actions often run counter to the Doctor's wishes, putting the latter's life in jeopardy on more than one occasion. *Inferno* may witness the first overt instances of comic relief in the Doctor-Brigadier relationship – the banter about Lethbridge-Stewart's moustache in the first episode and the jokey ending of the last – but their quarrel before that final resolution has a real edge, far removed from the humorous put-downs which conclude several stories in the following season.

The star exhibit as far as Lethbridge-Stewart is concerned, however, is *Doctor Who and the Silurians*. In this season the Brigadier is still a sufficiently "new" character for the production team to explore the possibility of a serious moral conflict between his duty as a protector of the Earth and the Doctor's duty as a citizen of the universe, and the result is one of the most exhilaratingly downbeat narratives *Doctor Who* has ever attempted. In a story with no genuine villains the menace is poised evenly between the racial prejudices of the Young Silurian, who unleashes the plague and attempts to change the Earth's climate, and of the Brigadier himself, who lies to the Doctor and blows up the Silurian base. It's a bleak, terrible ending which consummates – but does not resolve – the spirited ethical debate raised throughout the story.

Season Seven opens the door on a universe in which moral compassion is the touchstone of a hero

There's a superbly telling moment in Episode 3, directed with the subtle intelligence which permeates the whole story, in which the Brigadier straightens up from examining some footprints and says, "The thing can't be very far from here," while simultaneously drawing his revolver into frame. We've already seen the Brigadier exchange an unequivocally mistrustful glance with Liz when the Doctor reasonably suggests to the two humans that the creature "may have been cornered" when it killed Squire. The story is shot through with similar moments of heedless prejudice on both sides, and the wider implications set the template for the Pertwee era's manifesto of moral responsibility. This is a characteristic of all three seven-parters in the season, from *Inferno*'s philosophical musing on the fate of a Fascistic parallel world as symbolic evidence of the value of free will, to the subtext of General Carrington's inadequate fixation on "moral duty" as a self-deluding vindication of his personal bigotry (still a valid theme today, as anyone acquainted with the pronouncements of Ann Widdecombe or Peter Hitchens will know only too well) in *The Ambassadors of Death*.

This kind of moral rage is of an altogether different order from *Doctor Who*'s customary role as a kind of Aesop's fable, and leading the field once again is *Doctor Who and the Silurians*. In later Pertwee stories the debate is often simmered down to a stylised ritual in which a caricatured civil servant quotes the National Anthem while the Doctor rebuffs him with a carefully turned *bon mot*, but in *Doctor Who and the Silurians* the moral discourse inhabits the entire story, embodied in a set of plausibly insecure, frightened, self-interested and complex characters. "That's obvious, isn't it?" Miss Dawson insists at one point. "We must destroy them before they destroy us." Her stake in the situation – she has just discovered Quinn's body – means that she fails to confront the reality. When she claims that Quinn "cooperated with them, and they killed him", she declines to acknowledge the course of mistrust and blackmail on which her boyfriend had already embarked. Other characters are driven by their own vanity to create similarly self-regarding interpretations of the Silurian threat. Major Baker, an arch-nationalist obsessed with the idea of doing something heroic for his country, pointlessly perceives the reptile men as enemies of the state and accuses the Doctor of being a "traitor" when he tries to negotiate. Dr Lawrence, the self-obsessed director of the research centre, interprets every new development as an attempt to undermine his career, until eventually he loses his grip on reality altogether. Quinn sees the Silurians as a zoological discovery – his ticket to academic glory – while Masters objects to their disrupting the inexorable tread of bureaucracy. Only the Doctor, after even Liz has condemned the creatures as hostile, can see that "they only attack for survival. Well, human beings behave in very much the same way."

Doctor Who and the Silurians, which is destined to dwell forever in the shadow of its cruder but more photogenic sequel, *The Sea Devils*, is arguably one of the most consistently under-rated stories in *Doctor Who*'s history. It's a mark of how Season Seven values finely wrought storytelling over visual gimmickry, because throughout these 25 episodes the dedication put into such nuances results in probably the most sophisticated set of scripts yet seen in *Doctor Who*. *Spearhead From Space* finds Robert Holmes, whose true glory days would arrive later, successfully locking into *Doctor Who*'s required idiom after a pair of rather shiftless scripts for Season Six, while *Inferno* proves Don Houghton another valuable find. But it is the ascendancy of Malcolm Hulke, arguably the king of the show's scriptwriters during the Pertwee era, which reaps the biggest dividends, not just in the case of *Doctor*

Who and the Silurians but also *The Ambassadors of Death*, for which he carried out major uncredited revisions. Hulke's gift for the illuminating aside allows characters to grow even when they aren't present, and offers valuable information about how individuals perceive one another. "If he spent more time doing his job and less writing that book of his . . ." sneers Dr Lawrence of his colleague Quinn at one point, and with a simple incidental remark Hulke has filled in vital information about both characters and posed questions on several different levels. This increased sophistication of perspective and characterisation is one of the season's constant hallmarks.

Hand-in-hand with the quantum leap in writing standards comes a sense of directorial flair which again has its roots in the previous season. Although the direction of various *Doctor Who* stories had undoubtedly been good, bad or indifferent since the show's earliest days, it was arguably not until Seasons Five and Six that individual directors had begun to stamp their identities firmly on their respective assignments. This was a development that only became viable during the Troughton era with the shortening of seasons and the gradual increase in location work. As the ongoing production of *Doctor Who* became less of a relay race, so its directors had greater leeway to step off the treadmill and experiment outside the established house style. Seasons Five and Six see many quiet instances of the director as *auteur*, enhancing often slight storylines by the sheer style of delivery, and it's no coincidence that the period sees the rise of many of the giants of 1970s *Doctor Who*: David Maloney, Douglas Camfield and Barry Letts among others. The arrival of Season Seven, with its dramatically reduced episode-count and swathe of seven-parters – resulting in a bigger budget per story than ever before – allowed the visual and technical side of the show to take flight.

Doctor Who and the Silurians

Derek Martinus' explosively brilliant direction of *Spearhead From Space* is in part the result of a happy accident. With industrial action at the BBC depriving the production of any studio time, the serial was famously remounted on location and on 16mm film, lending it a staggeringly glossy and often cinematic feel which, despite resulting in a few unusual acoustics, can only be a huge improvement on what might have been. At the time the BBC's most talented camaramen were invariably working on film, and under Martinus' creative eye

History repeating

Season Seven originally ran between 3 January and 20 June 1970. So what else was going on?

IN THE NEWS

It's a time of international instability and political agitation. In America millions are protesting about US involvement in Vietnam . . . On 12 January the civil war in Nigeria comes to a head as Biafra surrenders to the federal government . . . Episode 1 of *Doctor Who and the Silurians* proves too much for philosopher Bertrand Russell, who dies on 3 February . . . On 2 March Rhodesia declares itself a republic . . . On 18 April, the ill-fated Apollo 13 mission makes a successful splashdown [pictured] after a nail-biting rescue operation, spookily on the very same day that the Doctor blasts off on a rocket-rescue mission in Episode 5 of *The Ambassadors of Death* . . . 30 April sees US troops sent into Cambodia to attack Communist bases . . . In May South Africa is banned from the forthcoming 1972 Olympics by the IOC, and a South African cricket tour of the UK is cancelled . . . On 31 May, mid-way through *Inferno*, there is a massive earthquake in Peru, while parts of Yorkshire are suffering an eight-week drought and the Met Office records the hottest night in Britain for a century . . . On 19 June (the day before Stahlman's insane ambitions are thwarted in the final episode of *Inferno*), the Conservative Party claims victory in the UK General Election and Edward Heath takes up residence at 10 Downing Street.

ON THE BOX

Other television shows premiering during Season Seven include BBC2's prestigious costume drama *The Six Wives Of Henry VIII* [pictured] (which begins screening on New Year's Day), Frankie Howerd's "Rome antic" sitcom *Up Pompeii!* (which commences on 23 March, a couple of days after *The Ambassadors of Death* begins), and a major new telefantasy outing from *Doctor Who* stalwarts Kit Pedler and Gerry Davis, whose eco-thriller *Doomwatch* debuts on Monday 9 February, giving viewers something to think about while waiting to learn what had attacked Liz Shaw in the most recent episode of *Doctor Who and the Silurians*. Other debuts in 1970 include LWT's superb Worzel Gummidge-esque children's serial *Catweazle*, the first TV series from both Kenny Everett and *The Goodies*, and the premiere edition of BBC1's famous drama strand *Play For Today*.

IN THE CHARTS

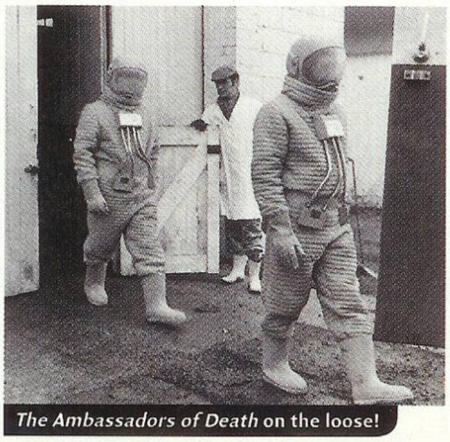
At Number One in the UK for the duration of *Spearhead From Space* is Rolf Harris [pictured] with his Christmas chartbuster *Two Little Boys*. The majority of *Doctor Who and the Silurians* is serenaded by its successor, *Love Grows (Where My Rosemary Goes)* by Edison Lighthouse. Subsequent chart-toppers of Season Seven are shorter-lived, but include Lee Marvin's unlikely smash *Wandrin' Star*, Simon and Garfunkel's biggest hit *Bridge Over Troubled Water* and Norman Greenbaum's slice of devotional psychedelia *Spirit in the Sky*. In the week of *Inferno* Episode 7, Mungo Jerry's mega-hit *In the Summertime* takes up residence at Number One, a position it will hold for seven weeks to make it the year's highest seller. But, as ever, the chart-toppers fail to tell the whole story. The shock of the year comes on 10 April (a day before *The Ambassadors of Death* Episode 4), when Paul McCartney's departure from The Beatles confirms the most famous split in rock history. Irreconcilable differences also beset Simon and Garfunkel, who tumble into their own troubled water, while Diana Ross decides to do without her Supremes. Later on, both Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin succumb to drug overdoses.

the results are there for all to see. Among a host of noteworthy flourishes are the aforementioned car crash, the *verité* newsreel-style camerawork in Episode 1 followed by a superb tracking shot of the Brigadier and Captain Munro striding down a hospital corridor, and later a positively poetic moment in which the Brigadier sees Channing's face splitting into vertical slivers as it recedes behind a frosted glass window, offering a sinister clue about replication and false identities. *Doctor Who* had never seen anything like *Spearhead* before – and, in fact, never would again. The glossy confidence of the production is arguably the making of the story. While few would deny that *Spearhead From Space* is a fine script, on the face of it Robert Holmes could scarcely be said to have delivered a groundbreaking piece of work; the obvious similarities with the plot of *The Abominable Snowmen* and the trappings of *The Invasion* have often been remarked upon. No, it's the sheer panache of the production which lifts an otherwise traditional story to well-deserved classic status.

The Third Doctor is no comedian – in this season, we often see the Time Lord at his least humorous ever

The Ambassadors of Death: UNIT on the trail of alien astronauts . . .

Back in the studio after the happy aberration of *Spearhead From Space*, the season reverts to a more familiar feel, and even the justly renowned film sequences in the remaining stories often echo what the same directors had achieved a year earlier. The gasometer fights and industrial landscapes of *Inferno* are a logical continuation of Douglas Camfield's location work on *The Invasion*, while Michael Ferguson's beautifully menacing sequences of the alien ambassadors framed by filtered sunlight are almost identical to the same director's shots of an Ice Warrior on Hampstead Heath in *The Seeds of Death*. This is not to denigrate two beautifully directed stories, but merely to observe that, once again, Season Seven offers a little less of the shock of the new than is often assumed.


The Ambassadors of Death on the loose!

The advent of colour production brought another innovation, first introduced to the show by the excellent Timothy Combe in *Doctor Who and the Silurians*. Colour Separation Overlay was to be 1970s *Doctor Who*'s constant companion. It appears only sparingly in this season – most noticeably in the alien spaceship sequences in *The Ambassadors of Death* – and is only used to achieve what would otherwise be impossible or prohibitively expensive (although Barry Letts has since recalled that the production team was slow to realise that the dinosaur in *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, enlarged by CSO to the appropriate dimensions, might as well have been a rod puppet instead of the more expensive and less effective man-in-a-suit that they chose to construct). Later, CSO would threaten to bring a little too much of the strip cartoon to *Doctor Who*'s visual style, but for the time being the technique was tightly reined in and the results, even now, are surprisingly impressive.

In fact, the only uneasy comic strip note which emerges during the season is the incongruous undercurrent of magic tricks employed by Doctor and villains alike during *The Ambassadors of Death*. The inexplicable "transmigration of object" scene, in which the Doctor makes a spool of tape vanish, seems to be a throwback by scriptwriter David Whitaker to the earliest days of the First Doctor. Similarly out of place are the jokey sequence involving Bessie's anti-theft device, and the use of film trickery to switch the decals on Reegan's van. Suddenly we're out of this carefully reconstructed real world and in some sort of *Catweazle* universe where conjuring tricks don't need explaining. It's momentary and it hardly damages the story, but it definitely doesn't feel quite right.

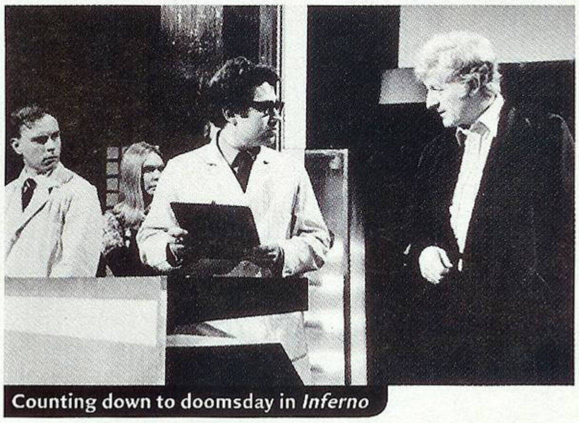
Excellence comes at a price, however, and unfortunately there are bigger buts orbiting Season Seven. *Doctor Who* can only get away with this sort of bold innovation during periods of transition, and had the same format been applied rigidly to the next four years the result would almost certainly have been a disaster. Season Seven, though superb in itself, was fatally flawed as a format.

It's entirely understandable that Liz Shaw was doomed. Equally, the level of antagonism between the Doctor and his UNIT allies simply couldn't last, for reasons of plausibility if not of dramatic necessity. In the first episode of *The Ambassadors of Death* the Doctor gets in a quick jibe about the Brigadier blowing up the Silurians, but thereafter the matter is quickly dropped. We now enthuse about the uniquely downbeat ending of *Silurians* for the precise reason that it's an ending *Doctor Who* really couldn't deliver more than once. The idea of a whole catalogue of such boiling resentments in the wake of every Brig-blessed explosion would be simply too ridiculous to contemplate. Something had to give, and inevitably it was the genuine edginess of the relationship.

Inferno: the Doctor trapped on a parallel Earth facing awful, fiery annihilation

These 25 episodes mark probably the most sophisticated set of scripts yet seen in Doctor Who

On a similar note, and again because of its generally admirable tendency to commit itself to the immediate story rather than to an ongoing format, Season Seven has an alarmingly devil-may-care attitude to the loose ends it leaves untied. Early on in *Spearhead From Space* the Brigadier tells Liz that "There was a policy decision not to inform the public" about the events of *The Web of Fear* and *The Invasion*. That's all very well, but *Spearhead* goes on to present one of *Doctor Who*'s most public invasions, followed only weeks later by the outbreak of a plague that lays waste much of London. Next we have an encounter with alien ambassadors broadcast live across the globe, an event which is never mentioned again. Innumerable characters later in the Pertwee era routinely pooh-pooh the idea of extra-terrestrial life because they exist in the customary *Doctor Who* world, not in the rarefied atmosphere of Season Seven, where conventional notions are blown wide open. When, in *Terror of the Autons*, Jo Grant asks the Doctor what a Nestene is, why doesn't he say, "You remember last year when hundreds of people all over the country were killed by shop-window dummies? Well, that was the Nestenes"? Of course, we politely ignore this sort of thing and just get on with the story. *Doctor Who* is littered with other instances of a similar magnitude, some of them in later Pertwee stories (*Invasion of the Dinosaurs* springs to mind), but it can't be ignored that Season Seven breaks the tacit rules far more often than usual.


Counting down to doomsday in *Inferno*

Restricting the Doctor to Earth also has its self-evident limitations, and by the end of Season Seven he's already bucked the trend by going into space in an Apollo rocket and slipping into an alternative universe. As with so much about this season, the imposition of a restrictive format initially brought forth nuggets, but the long-term prognosis was highly dubious. Writers were spurred into a flurry of creativity, skirting around the problem in a variety of ingenious ways to ensure that only one story – *Spearhead From Space* – had its basis in the straightforward idea of an alien invasion. The remaining stories offered home-grown monsters whose presence on Earth pre-dated our own, followed by human astronauts bringing an alien life-form back from space, and finally mankind teetering on the brink of destroying his own planet, with a parallel dimension thrown in for good measure. Four stories in, and the present-day Earth format had pretty much covered all the available bases.

Finally, despite the obvious budgetary advantage, it's generally agreed that any seven-parter is too long. Even these three excellent examples are replete with padding – albeit padding that often rises to the occasion with marvellous sideshows like the Silurian plague or the death of the alternative Earth – but nonetheless they were destined to remain unchallenged as the longest *Doctor Who* stories of the 1970s.

What we're left with are four superbly made stories, of which even the weakest (*The Ambassadors of Death*, for those in doubt) can hold its head up proudly against the opposition. We haven't even mentioned the acting, a tall order in a season where every role from the showiest guest star to the lowliest hospital porter has been cast with absolute suitability and is played to perfection. There are few seasons of *Doctor Who* whose every episode seems so lovingly crafted, and in the end the wealth of beautiful touches renders objective comment an irrelevance. From the trademark juxtapositional edits (the cut from a Silurian's three-eyed perspective to a close-up of a triple-lens microscope, or the Doctor singing while Slocum whistles in the first scene of *Inferno*, or the subsequent jump from Slocum's murderous monkey-wrench to Benton's innocent hammer), through bravura sequences like Reegan's disposal of his comrades' bodies in a gravel pit or Masters stalking London like an angel of death while all around him succumb to the Silurian plague, right down to the tiny throwaway shot of Major Scobie coming to his senses in Madame Tussaud's as his duplicate is destroyed, these 25 episodes score an impressive tally of magic moments. It's a fascinating glimpse of the Pertwee era that never was – and in the long run, never could have been.

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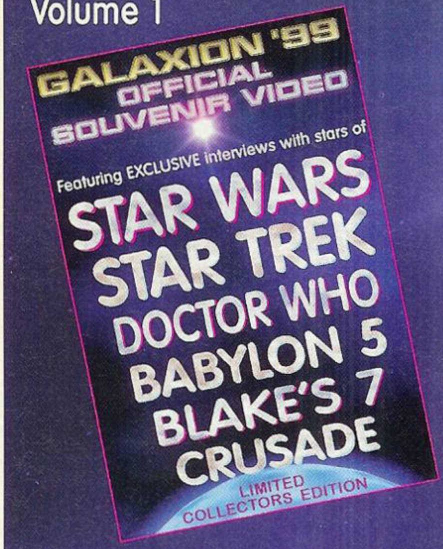
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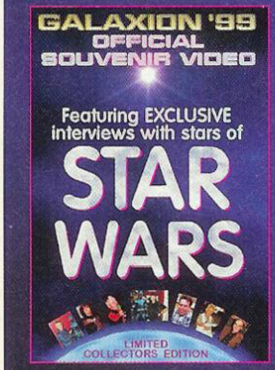
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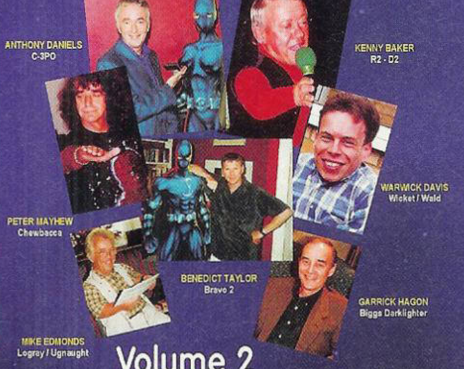
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C-3PO
KENNY BAKER
R2 - D2
WARWICK DAVIS
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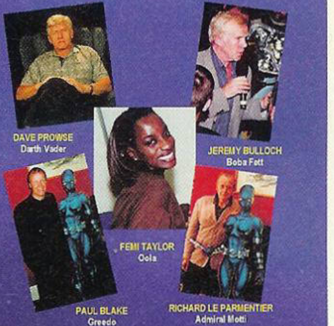
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Darth Vader
JEREMY BULLOCH
Boba Fett
FEMI TAYLOR
Oola
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Greedo
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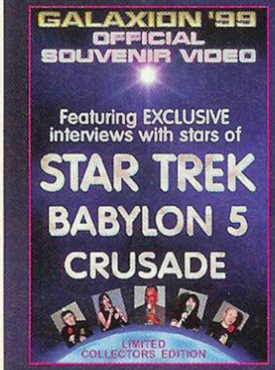
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WALTER KOENIG
Chekov - Star Trek
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Troi
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Galen
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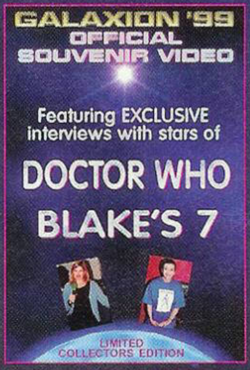
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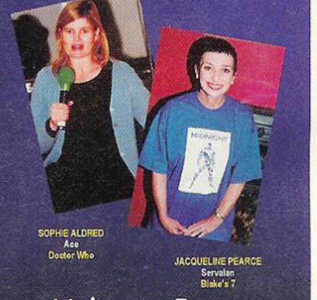
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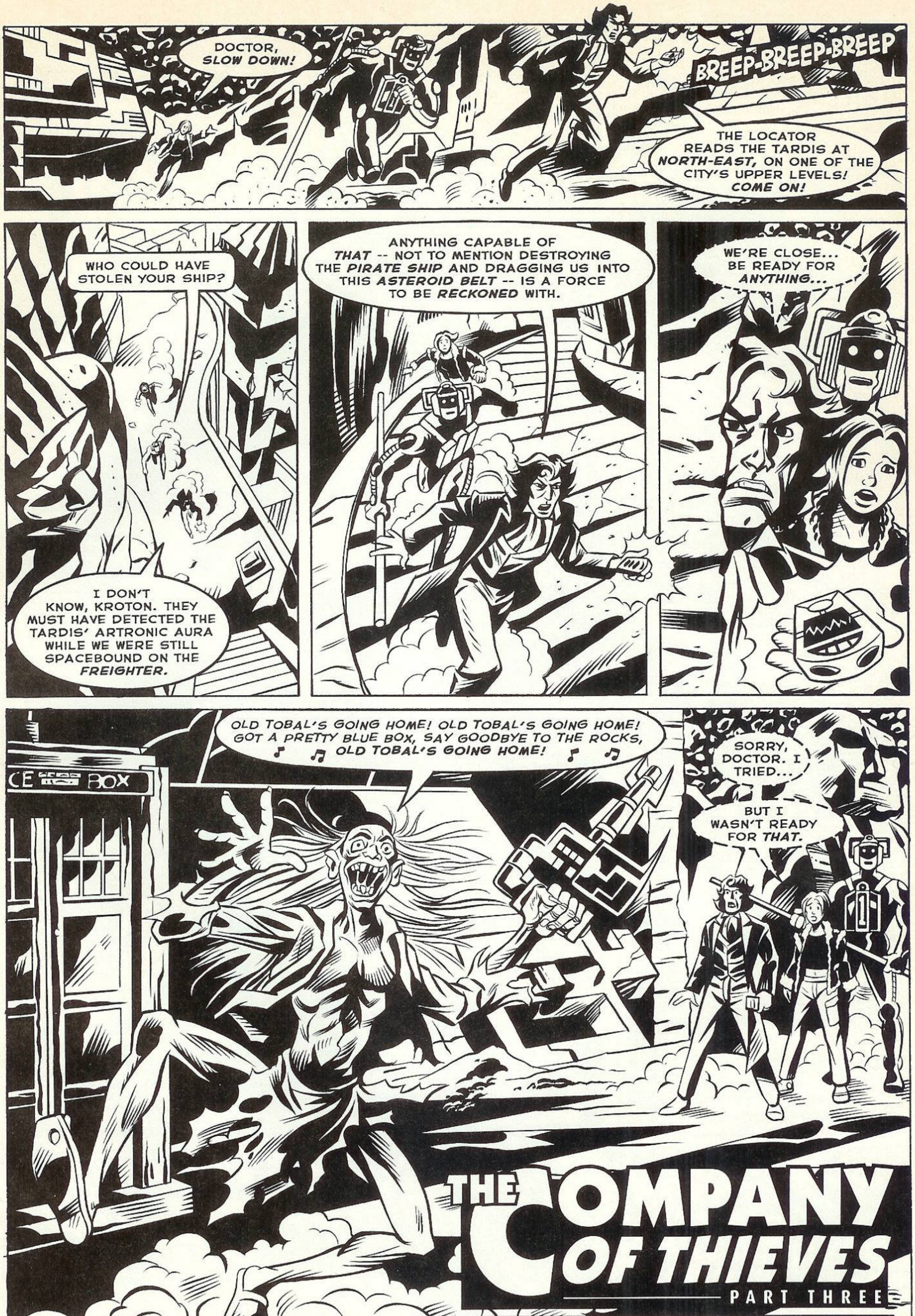
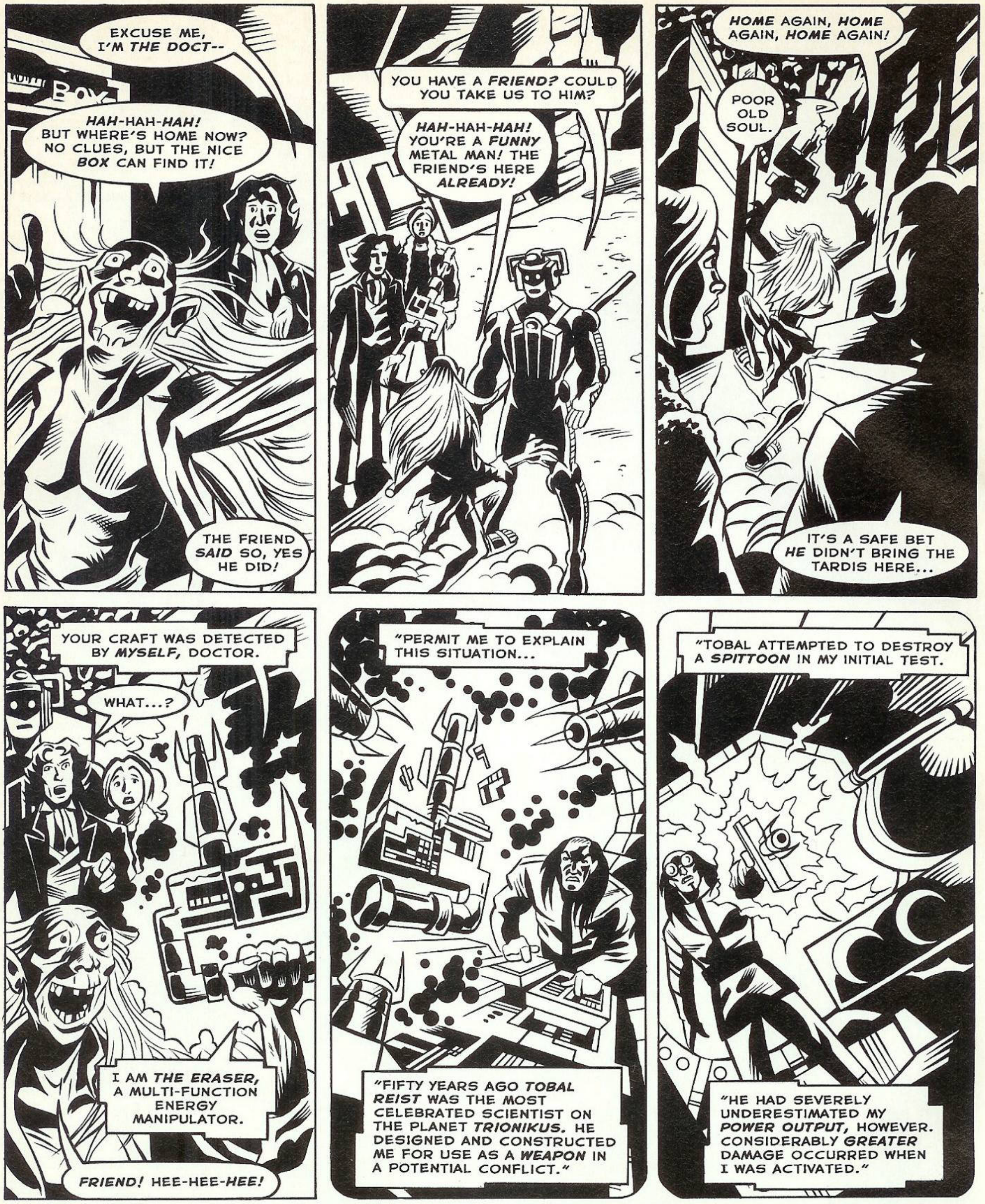
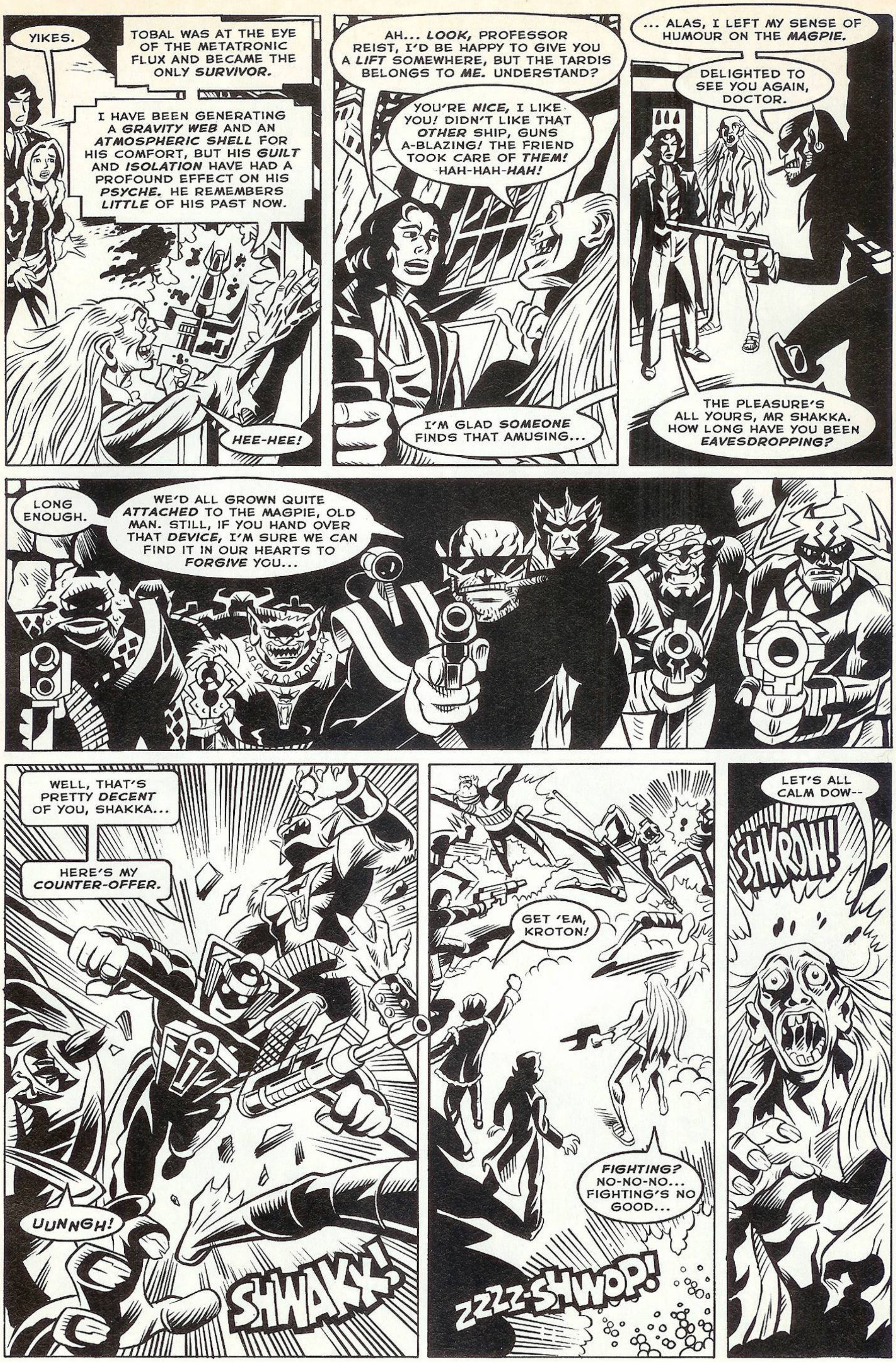

DOCTOR, SLOW DOWN!
BREEP-BREEP-BREEP
THE LOCATOR READS THE TARDIS AT NORTH-EAST, ON ONE OF THE CITY'S UPPER LEVELS! COME ON!
WHO COULD HAVE STOLEN YOUR SHIP?
I DON'T KNOW, KROTON. THEY MUST HAVE DETECTED THE TARDIS' ARTRONIC AURA WHILE WE WERE STILL SPACEBOUND ON THE FREIGHTER.
ANYTHING CAPABLE OF THAT -- NOT TO MENTION DESTROYING THE PIRATE SHIP AND DRAGGING US INTO THIS ASTEROID BELT -- IS A FORCE TO BE RECKONED WITH.
WE'RE CLOSE... BE READY FOR ANYTHING...
OLD TOBAL'S GOING HOME! OLD TOBAL'S GOING HOME! GOT A PRETTY BLUE BOX, SAY GOODBYE TO THE ROCKS, ♪ ♪ OLD TOBAL'S GOING HOME! ♪ ♪
CE BOX
SORRY, DOCTOR. I TRIED...
BUT I WASN'T READY FOR THAT.

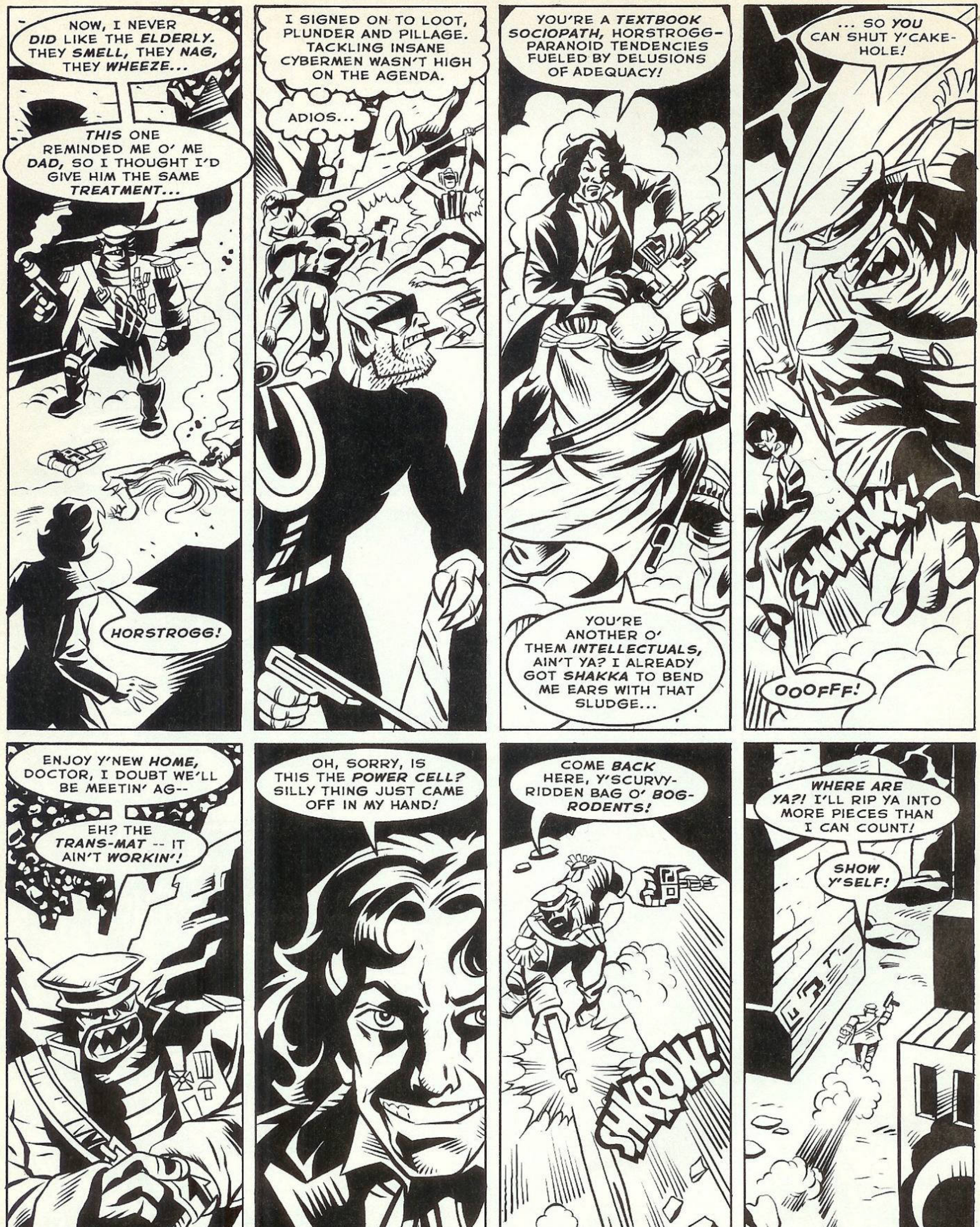
THE COMPANY OF THIEVES

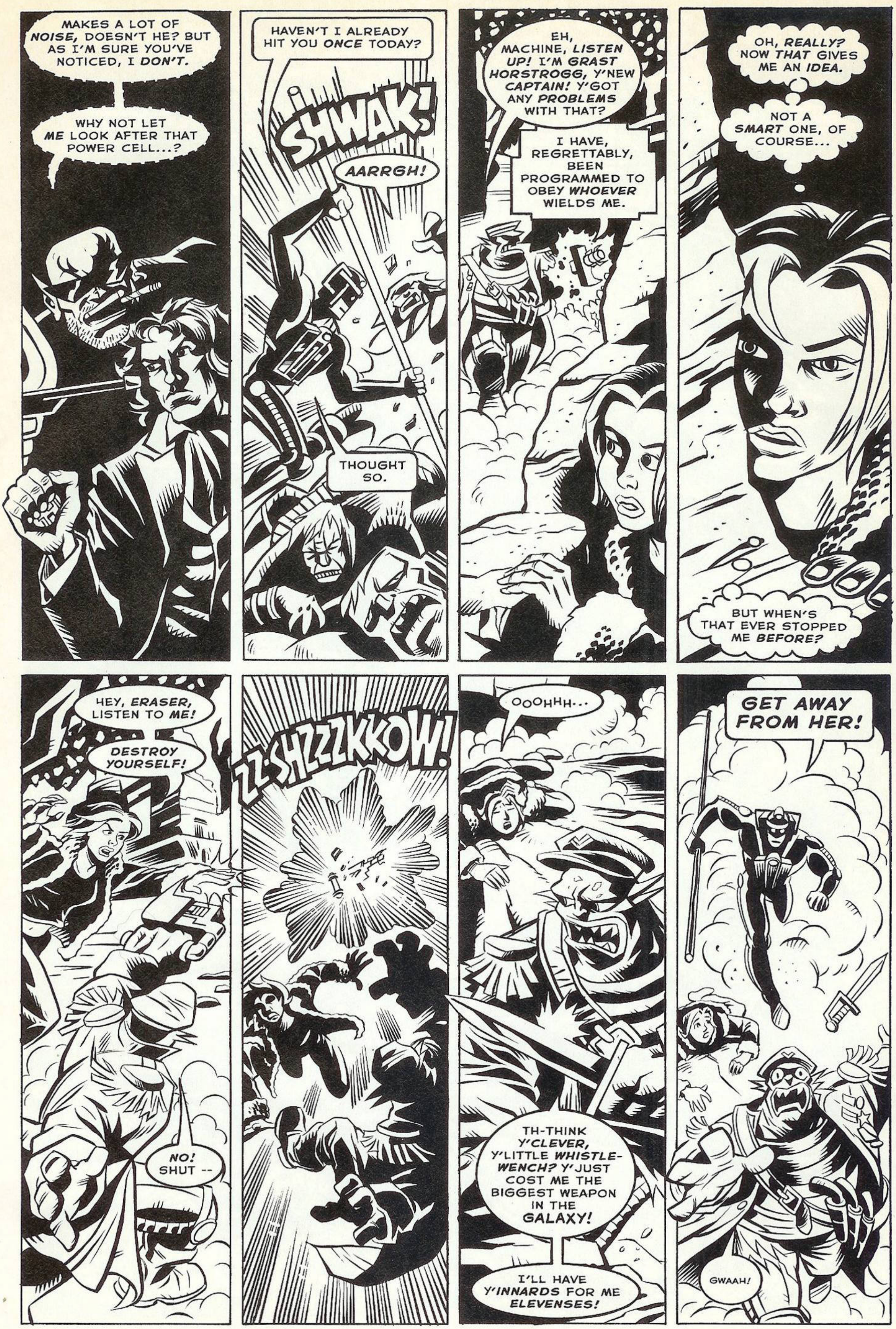
PART THREE

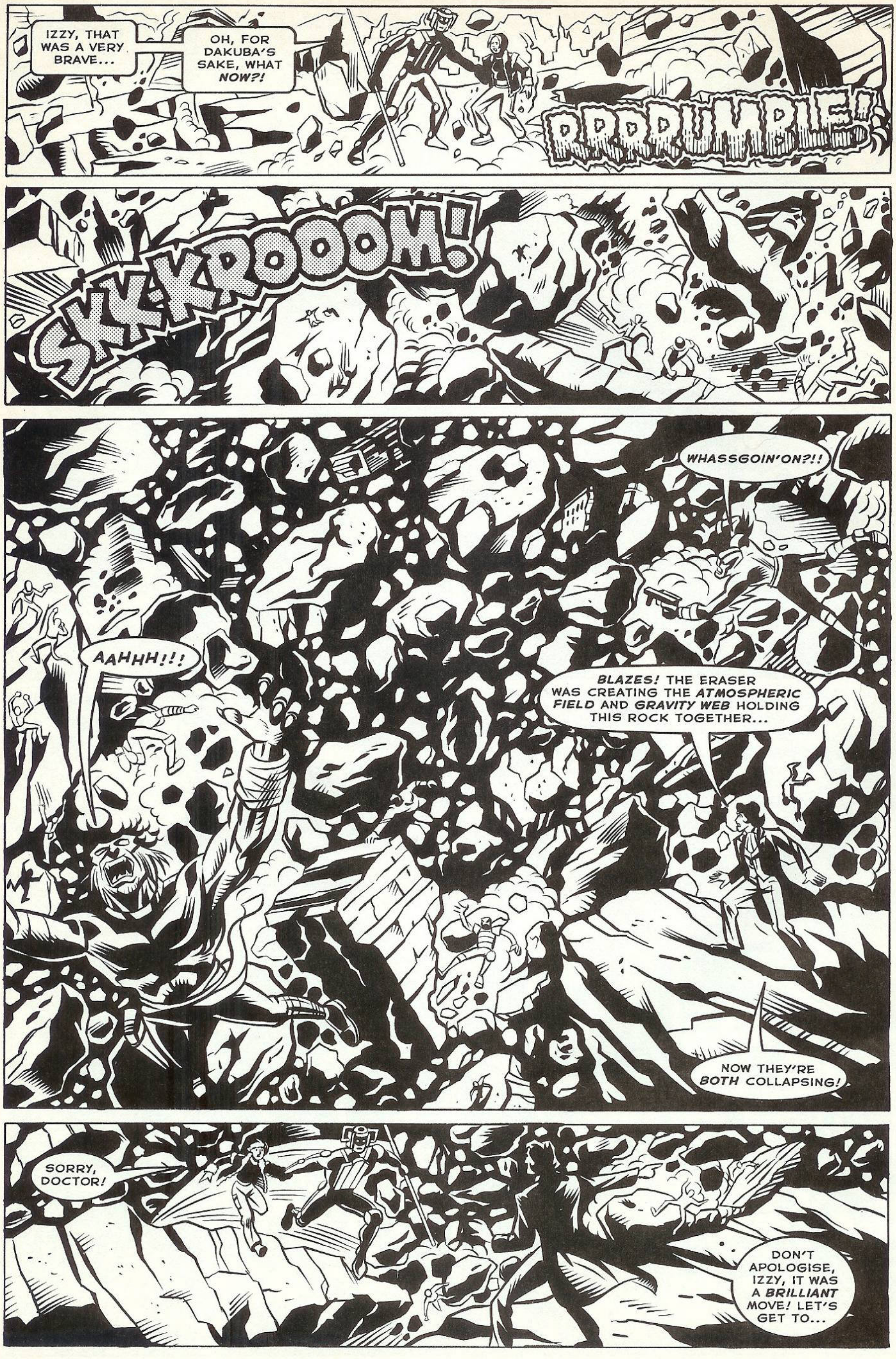
STORY: *SCOTT GRAY* PENCIL ART: *ADRIAN SALMON*
INKS: *FAREED CHOUDHURY* LETTERING: *ROGER LANGRIDGE*
EDITORS: *GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES*

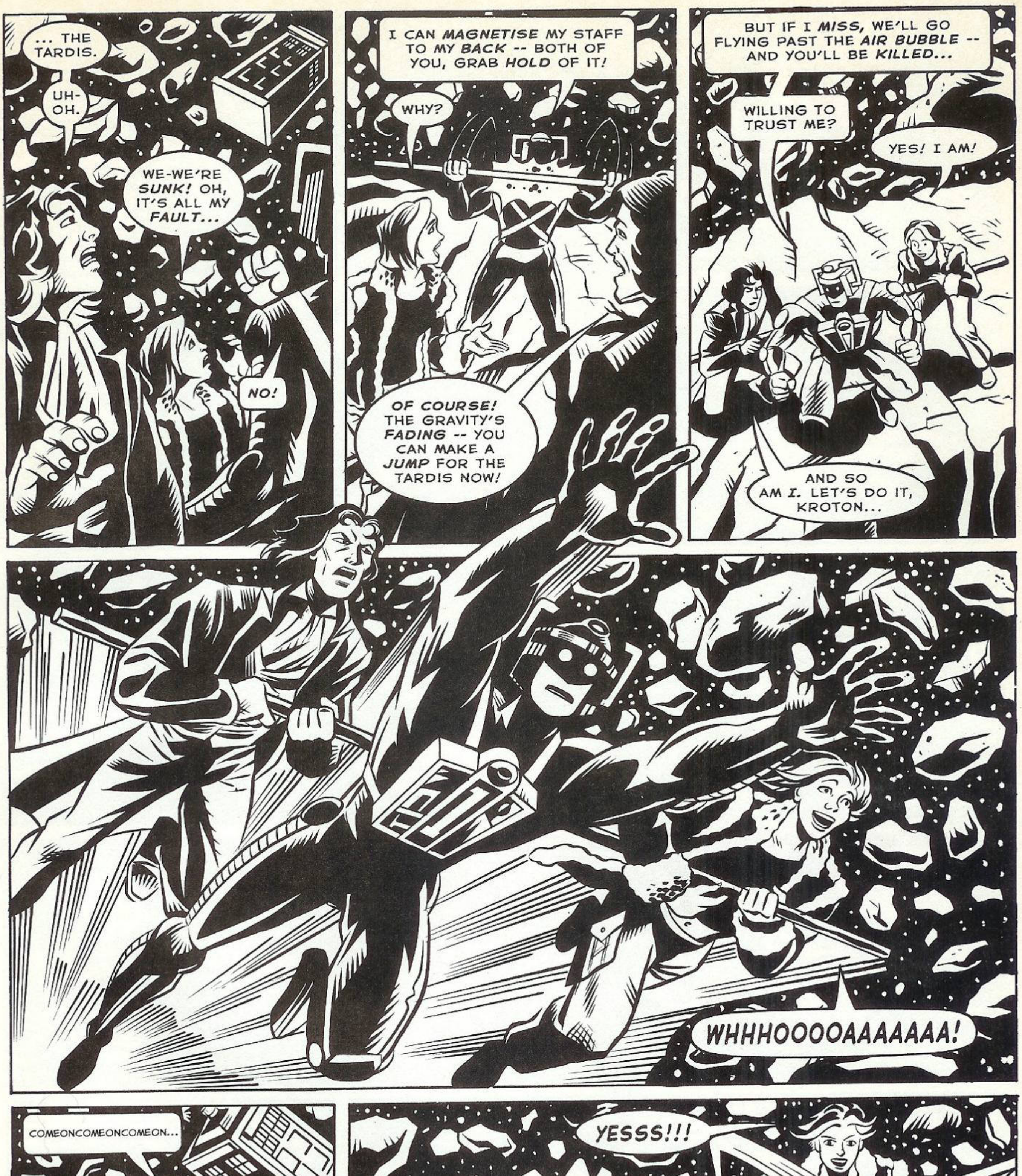

EXCUSE ME, I'M *THE DOCT--*
BOX
HAH-HAH-*HAH!* BUT WHERE'S HOME NOW? NO CLUES, BUT THE NICE *BOX* CAN FIND IT!
THE FRIEND *SAID* SO, YES HE DID!
YOU HAVE A *FRIEND?* COULD YOU TAKE US TO HIM?
HAH-HAH-*HAH!* YOU'RE A *FUNNY* METAL MAN! THE FRIEND'S HERE *ALREADY!*
HOME AGAIN, *HOME* AGAIN, *HOME* AGAIN!
POOR OLD SOUL.
IT'S A SAFE BET *HE* DIDN'T BRING THE TARDIS HERE...
YOUR CRAFT WAS DETECTED BY *MYSELF,* DOCTOR.
WHAT...?
I AM *THE ERASER,* A MULTI-FUNCTION ENERGY MANIPULATOR.
FRIEND! HEE-HEE-*HEE!*
"PERMIT ME TO EXPLAIN THIS SITUATION...
"FIFTY YEARS AGO *TOBAL REIST* WAS THE MOST CELEBRATED SCIENTIST ON THE PLANET *TRIONIKUS.* HE DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED ME FOR USE AS A *WEAPON* IN A POTENTIAL CONFLICT."
"TOBAL ATTEMPTED TO DESTROY A *SPITTOON* IN MY INITIAL TEST.
"HE HAD SEVERELY UNDERESTIMATED MY *POWER OUTPUT,* HOWEVER. CONSIDERABLY *GREATER* DAMAGE OCCURRED WHEN I WAS ACTIVATED."
EXACTLY *HOW MUCH* DAMAGE?
EIGHTEEN BILLION FRAGMENTS OF TRIONIKUS WERE LEFT REMAINING FROM THE TEST.
YOU ARE STANDING ON ONE OF THEM NOW.

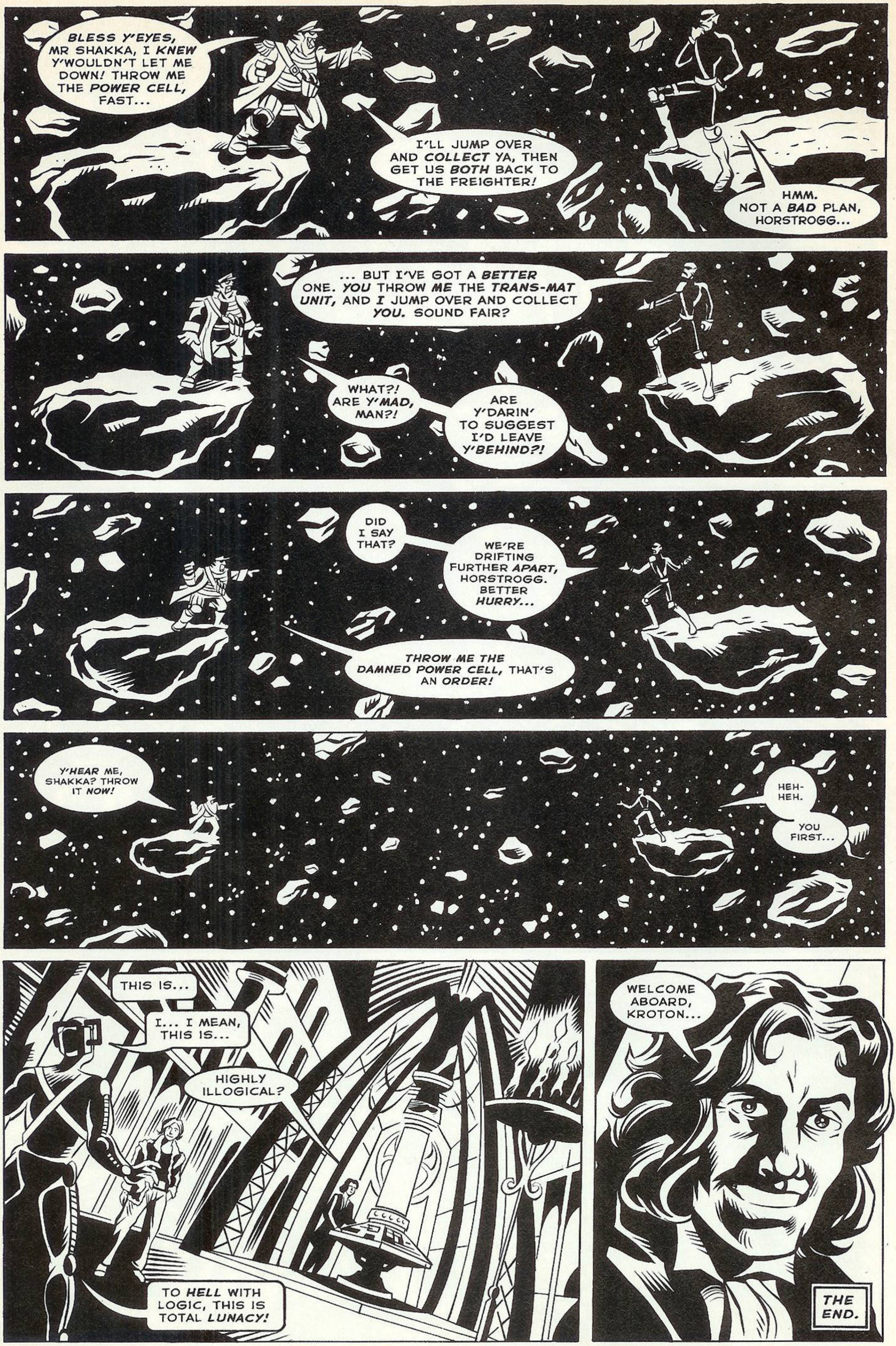

YIKES.
TOBAL WAS AT THE EYE OF THE METATRONIC FLUX AND BECAME THE ONLY *SURVIVOR.*
I HAVE BEEN GENERATING A *GRAVITY WEB* AND AN *ATMOSPHERIC SHELL* FOR HIS COMFORT, BUT HIS *GUILT* AND *ISOLATION* HAVE HAD A PROFOUND EFFECT ON HIS *PSYCHE.* HE REMEMBERS *LITTLE* OF HIS PAST NOW.
HEE-HEE!
AH... *LOOK,* PROFESSOR REIST, I'D BE HAPPY TO GIVE YOU A *LIFT* SOMEWHERE, BUT THE TARDIS BELONGS TO *ME.* UNDERSTAND?
YOU'RE *NICE,* I LIKE YOU! DIDN'T LIKE THAT *OTHER* SHIP, GUNS A-BLAZING! THE FRIEND TOOK CARE OF *THEM!* HAH-HAH-*HAH!*
I'M GLAD *SOMEONE* FINDS THAT AMUSING...
... ALAS, I LEFT MY SENSE OF HUMOUR ON THE *MAGPIE.*
DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN, DOCTOR.
THE PLEASURE'S ALL YOURS, MR SHAKKA. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN *EAVESDROPPING?*
LONG ENOUGH.
WE'D ALL GROWN QUITE *ATTACHED* TO THE MAGPIE, OLD MAN. STILL, IF YOU HAND OVER THAT *DEVICE,* I'M SURE WE CAN FIND IT IN OUR HEARTS TO *FORGIVE* YOU...
WELL, THAT'S PRETTY *DECENT* OF YOU, SHAKKA...
HERE'S MY *COUNTER-OFFER.*
UUNNGH!
SHWAKK!
GET 'EM, KROTON!
FIGHTING? NO-NO-NO... FIGHTING'S NO GOOD...
ZZZZ-SHWOP!
LET'S ALL CALM DOW--
SHKROW!


NOW, I NEVER DID LIKE THE ELDERLY. THEY SMELL, THEY NAG, THEY WHEEZE...
THIS ONE REMINDED ME O' ME DAD, SO I THOUGHT I'D GIVE HIM THE SAME TREATMENT...
HORSTROGG!
I SIGNED ON TO LOOT, PLUNDER AND PILLAGE. TACKLING INSANE CYBERMEN WASN'T HIGH ON THE AGENDA.
ADIOS...
YOU'RE A TEXTBOOK SOCIOPATH, HORSTROGG- PARANOID TENDENCIES FUELED BY DELUSIONS OF ADEQUACY!
YOU'RE ANOTHER O' THEM INTELLECTUALS, AIN'T YA? I ALREADY GOT SHAKKA TO BEND ME EARS WITH THAT SLUDGE...
... SO YOU CAN SHUT Y'CAKE-HOLE!
SHWAKK!
OOOFFF!
ENJOY Y'NEW HOME, DOCTOR, I DOUBT WE'LL BE MEETIN' AG--
EH? THE TRANS-MAT -- IT AIN'T WORKIN'!
OH, SORRY, IS THIS THE POWER CELL? SILLY THING JUST CAME OFF IN MY HAND!
COME BACK HERE, Y'SCURVY-RIDDEN BAG O' BOG-RODENTS!
SHKROW!
WHERE ARE YA?! I'LL RIP YA INTO MORE PIECES THAN I CAN COUNT!
SHOW Y'SELF!


MAKES A LOT OF NOISE, DOESN'T HE? BUT AS I'M SURE YOU'VE NOTICED, I DON'T.
WHY NOT LET ME LOOK AFTER THAT POWER CELL...?
HAVEN'T I ALREADY HIT YOU ONCE TODAY?
SHWAK!
AARRGH!
THOUGHT SO.
EH, MACHINE, LISTEN UP! I'M GRAST HORSTROGG, Y'NEW CAPTAIN! Y'GOT ANY PROBLEMS WITH THAT?
I HAVE, REGRETTABLY, BEEN PROGRAMMED TO OBEY WHOEVER WIELDS ME.
OH, REALLY? NOW THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA.
NOT A SMART ONE, OF COURSE...
BUT WHEN'S THAT EVER STOPPED ME BEFORE?
HEY, ERASER, LISTEN TO ME!
DESTROY YOURSELF!
NO! SHUT --
ZZ-SHZZZKKOW!
OOOHHH...
TH-THINK Y'CLEVER, Y'LITTLE WHISTLE-WENCH? Y'JUST COST ME THE BIGGEST WEAPON IN THE GALAXY!
I'LL HAVE Y'INNARDS FOR ME ELEVENSES!
GET AWAY FROM HER!
GWAAH!


IZZY, THAT WAS A VERY BRAVE...
OH, FOR DAKUBA'S SAKE, WHAT *NOW?!*
RRRRUMBLE!
SKK-KROOOM!
WHASSGOIN'ON?!!
AAHHH!!!
BLAZES! THE ERASER WAS CREATING THE *ATMOSPHERIC FIELD* AND *GRAVITY WEB* HOLDING THIS ROCK TOGETHER...
NOW THEY'RE *BOTH* COLLAPSING!
SORRY, DOCTOR!
DON'T APOLOGISE, IZZY, IT WAS A *BRILLIANT* MOVE! LET'S GET TO...


... THE TARDIS.
UH-OH.
WE-WE'RE *SUNK!* OH, IT'S ALL MY *FAULT...*
NO!
I CAN *MAGNETISE* MY STAFF TO *MY BACK* -- BOTH OF YOU, GRAB *HOLD* OF IT!
WHY?
OF COURSE! THE GRAVITY'S *FADING* -- YOU CAN MAKE A *JUMP* FOR THE TARDIS NOW!
BUT IF I *MISS,* WE'LL GO FLYING PAST THE *AIR BUBBLE* -- AND YOU'LL BE *KILLED...*
WILLING TO TRUST ME?
YES! I AM!
AND SO AM *I.* LET'S DO IT, KROTON...
WHHHOOOOAAAAAAA!
COMEONCOMEONCOMEON...
YESSS!!!
KLUMP!


BLESS Y'EYES, MR SHAKKA, I KNEW Y'WOULDN'T LET ME DOWN! THROW ME THE POWER CELL, FAST...
I'LL JUMP OVER AND COLLECT YA, THEN GET US BOTH BACK TO THE FREIGHTER!
HMM. NOT A BAD PLAN, HORSTROGG...
... BUT I'VE GOT A BETTER ONE. YOU THROW ME THE TRANS-MAT UNIT, AND I JUMP OVER AND COLLECT YOU. SOUND FAIR?
WHAT?! ARE Y'MAD, MAN?!
ARE Y'DARIN' TO SUGGEST I'D LEAVE Y'BEHIND?!
DID I SAY THAT?
WE'RE DRIFTING FURTHER APART, HORSTROGG. BETTER HURRY...
THROW ME THE DAMNED POWER CELL, THAT'S AN ORDER!
Y'HEAR ME, SHAKKA? THROW IT NOW!
HEH-HEH.
YOU FIRST...
THIS IS...
I... I MEAN, THIS IS...
HIGHLY ILLOGICAL?
TO HELL WITH LOGIC, THIS IS TOTAL LUNACY!
WELCOME ABOARD, KROTON...
THE END.

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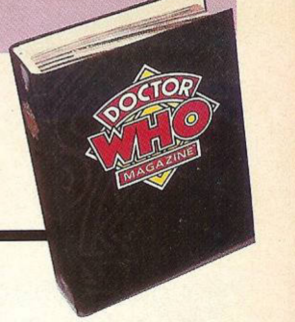

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The DWM 286 Crossword

Set by Horus

sponsored by BBV

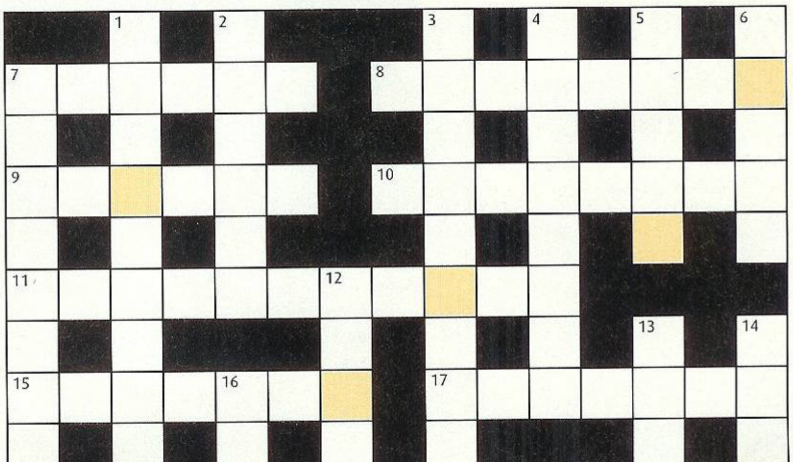
Five lucky readers can each win a copy of this month's video-only BBV epic, *Auton 3*, in our crossword competition. All you have to do is identify which *Doctor Who* baddie's name has been scrambled among the shaded squares, jot it down on a postcard and send it to DWM 286 CROSSWORD at the editorial address on page 5. Closing date: 9 February 2000.

Across

1 Alias Tremas, alias . . . ? [6]
8 For medieval man-at-arms, Emma Buller returns to hold 50 *Ice Warriors* and Drax (but without the right!) [8]
9 "Gnecha, my dear . . ."? [6]
10 Ace's boss – and her child, we hear [8]
11 Step up and veer right round for regular guy [5,6]
15 Followed gutless Kaled swallowing E on reversing cart [7]
17 Knot untied on planet initially conquered by Yrcanos [7]
18 Red ship crashes on red planet, revealing eight-legged alien [11]
22 Tim gets Electric Light Orchestra to work day after day after day after day . . . [4,4]
23 Gossiped about what the Thals did to the entrenched Kaleds? [6]
24 Heard I spun round Svartos [8]
25 Ee! Dung refined on Delta Magna's moon [6]

Down

1 Could be tenant, *à la* Galleia or Zaroff? [9]
2 [see 7d]
3 1980s writer replaces Ena and a Ron with Lin, for a certain limited effect [10]
4 Scientist soon to swallow headless wrens [8]
5 Bloomer on Patrol? [5]
6 Warring people bombed zones [5]
7,2 Fury gets Dot back on top after E-Space mix-up in 1960s episode [6,2,6]
12 Two UNIT heads on the German planet in 1970s story [10]
13 Upset, hugs older Time Lord official [4,5]
14 An academic after unfinished spire on jungle planet [8]
16 Companion, befuddled like Noma [8]
19 eg, Paul – broke out in London in 1660s and 1980s [6]
20 For striking miner, sitter loses right to return [5]
21 Traffic light makes Quillam berserk, partly [5]



DWM 284 crossword solution

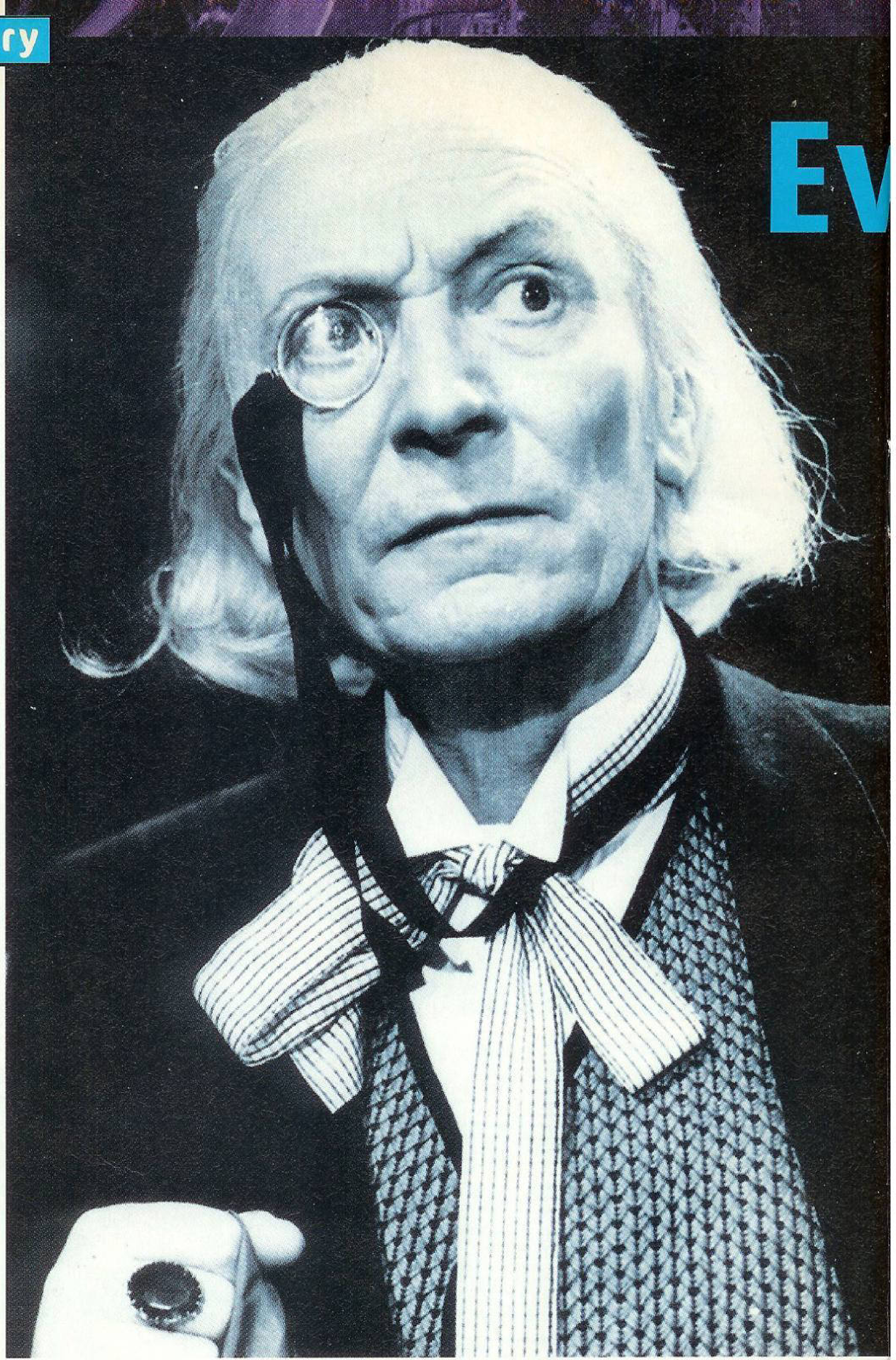
Across

1 Terry Nation
8 Cleaner
10 Mogar
11 Cailleach
12 Rutan
14 Sontarans
17,21d,13 *The Daleks' Master Plan*
18 Beam
22 Talor
23 Eight-legs
25 Etnin
26 Sun Time
27 Terileptils

Down

1 *The Pirate Planet*
2 Renal
3 Anethan
4 Immortal
5 *Nightmare Begins*
6 Marinus
7 Ice cap
9 Roams
15 Oak
16 Marriner
17 Totters
18 Eternal
19 Sagas
24 Tanni

Hidden name:
CHANNING



Everything I ever needed to know about life I learned from the Hartnell era

We know the Doctor always fights for Truth, Justice and the Eileen Way. We know he is a beacon of hope and goodness in a dark and uncertain world of monsters, murderers and mad scientists. But are there moral lessons to be learned from his adventures that can actually be applied to our own workaday lives? With tongue in cheek, Gareth Roberts investigates . . .

AN UNEARTHLY CHILD

Put yourself in Barbara's place. There's a 15 year-old girl behaving slightly oddly in your class. Do you call her in to your office for an informal chat? Do you ring Social Services and politely express your concern? Or do you follow her home and bash her old grandfather just for, er, for being a bit odd? All Barbara's guff about "interfering in something that is best left alone" is a bit late in the day. There's an easy answer, Babs. Go home. Make yourself a cup of Horlicks. Do some marking. Listen to the Light Programme.

Moral

Keep your big nose out of things that don't concern you

THE DALEKS

Terry Nation used to say he had a recurring nightmare about being in a car crash. Odd, really, because you'd think he had nightmares about being trapped in a carnivorous jungle, getting stuck in a lift, cowards who come good, countdowns, crashed spaceships, and the traitor who turns out to be (gasp!) a pretty girl. Really this story is a futuristic version of 'Mister, can I have my ball back?' – and extremely morally questionable. The Doctor and co are quite prepared to leave the Thals to it until they realise they need help to fight the Daleks and get the fluid link. So then they use the Thals as cannon fodder using the spurious logic of, 'This is the last war ever (until the next time).' Often, later in the series, the Doctor or someone will say, 'If we do such-and-such, we'll be the same as the Daleks.' You already are, mate, by Story B.

Moral

It's alright to ask your friends for big risky favours for your own selfish interests

100,000 BC

If the TARDIS travels back in time, but not in space, then the Tribe of Gum are the ancestors of modern-day EastEnders. And strangely enough, the series' first plot proper revolves around a stone age family drama. Kal (Phil) and Za (Grant – or should that be Grunt?) are locked in love combat over young Hur (Tiffany). Old Mother (Peggy) and Horg (Frank) can't decide who should marry who. The tribe are so busy getting by that they don't understand the concepts of friendship and imagination – so it must be the Mitchells. If only they'd listened to Old Mother when she said, "Fire will kill us all in the end." I think this is Anthony Coburn being a bit subtle about nuclear power. Old Mother is really the originator of CND.

Moral

Don't let men run anything. It'll all end in tears

INSIDE THE SPACESHIP

Look around your office. Pick the two thickest, most irritating people. Imagine the excitement and adventure of travelling in time and space – but being stuck with them going on about getting back home to their dreary, suburban, cardiganed lives. This is how the Doctor feels about Ian and Barbara. No wonder he wants to chuck them into the vortex. Sooner or later you'd realise you're going to have to just rub along somehow. You can almost convince yourself you like them.

Moral

There are always going to be irritating gits at work. You just have to put up with them

MARCO POLO

For a supposedly smart operator, the Doctor behaves like a callow fool in this story – with regard to the TARDIS. He puts it in hock to someone he barely knows, then has it all but taken away, then tries to get it back by gambling against somebody far more canny and experienced than him.

Moral

Be very sure of all your mortgage arrangements before you sign anything. Don't play games with your house

THE KEYS OF MARINUS

You're going out for the night. As Justine Frischmann of Elastica once sang, "You've got your keys, money and fags." What if you were Arbitan? His keys would be in the attic, his wallet would be under a pot in next door's garden, and his cigarettes would be scattered to the five continents. Some people are like this – disorganised and far too security-conscious. Don't be one of them.

Moral

Always keep your keys on one ring. Don't lock yourself out of your own home. You may want to get back in

THE AZTECS

Barbara's on to a big loser here. Dressing up as a God to try and convince the Aztec nation to give up human sacrifice – well, it would be a bit like going on CD:UK and denouncing the works of Steps. Nobody would listen. We all love Steps. The Aztecs all loved pulling out people's still-beating hearts and throwing them off pyramids.

Moral

You can't fight a big popular showbiz sensation. Go with the flow – you might even enjoy it

THE SENSORITES

In a recent poll, almost nobody could identify Francis Maude, the Shadow Chancellor, from his photograph, whereas other politicians such as Robin Cook (ginger beard) and Anne Widdecombe (rotund) were easily identifiable. The ruling Sensorites have it even worse. They can't even recognise each other when they take their armbands off.

Moral

In public life, it pays to have a funny face

PLANET OF GIANTS

In this story Barbara obeys one of the first rules of TV drama – if you've got some kind of minor twinge or headache or creeping ailment, don't mention it to any of the other characters, but let the viewers know instead. If anyone does find out, shrug it off: 'Oh, it's nothing, I'm sure . . .' In real life, it often turns out to be nothing. On TV, it never does. (If you're in a soap and this happens, you're already dead.)

Moral

Get that bug checked out

THE DALEK INVASION OF EARTH

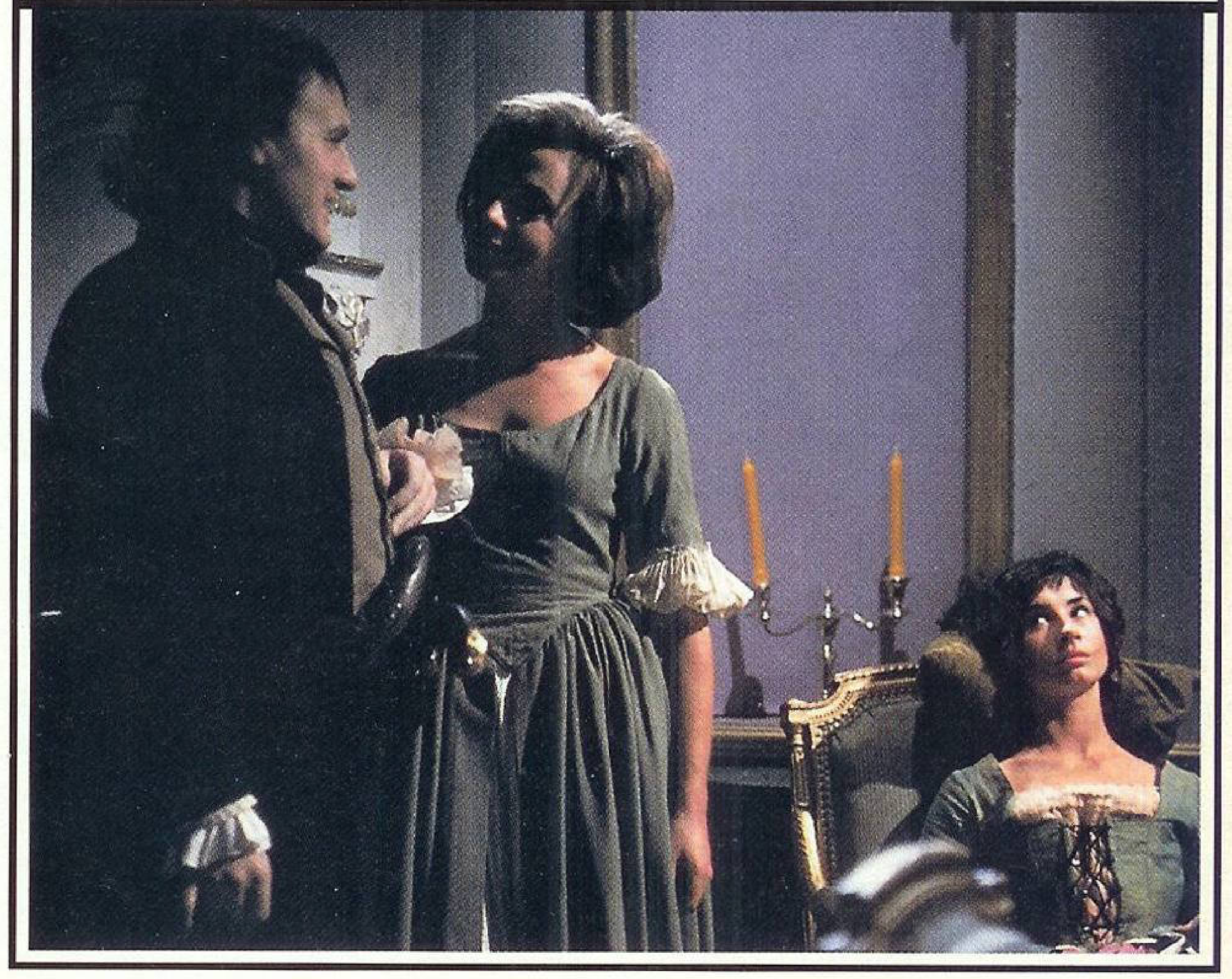
Why are the Daleks mining out the Earth's core, I ask? To replace it with an automatic guidance system so they can pilot it anywhere in the universe,

THE REIGN OF TERROR

Ian and Barbara see the lot in this story. Revolutions, purges, coups, uprisings, riots – all the work of factions who are no better than each other, all portrayed as morally dubious. Thank goodness, you can see Ian and Barbara thinking, that nothing like this could ever happen in England.

Moral

There's something awfully fishy about the French

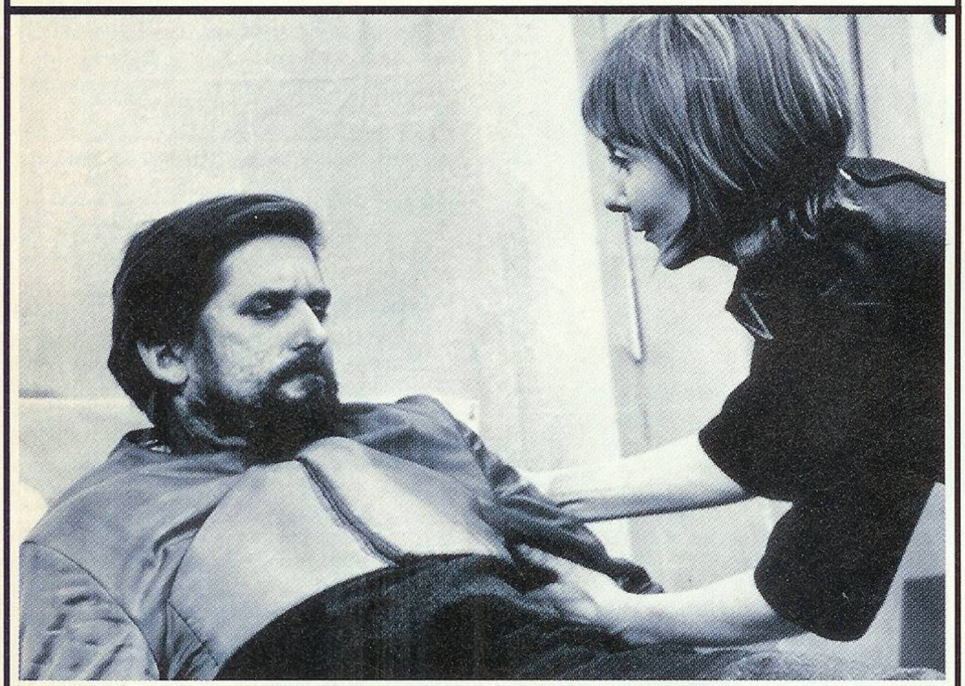


THE RESCUE

Let's imagine Bennett in the middle of a role-playing game. He has two choices. A: Kill Vicki, and get rescued. B: Pretend to be a paraplegic, run yourself up a snazzy reptile outfit and lurch about being slightly nasty to Vicki until you both get rescued, after which you'll have to carry on pretending to be a paraplegic for the rest of your life. He chooses B.

Moral

Keep it simple



I hear you cry. Why do they want to pilot it anywhere in the universe, I ask? You are rendered speechless.

Moral

When you make a big plan, think what you're going to be left with at the end

THE ROMANS

In which Ian, after a month's holiday, gets kidnapped, sold as a slave, whipped as a galley boy, is shipwrecked, kidnapped again, is almost fed to the lions, has a gladiatorial fight to the death, and rescues Barbara from the harem of the Emperor Nero – all in the space of a couple of days.

Moral

If you're going on a long break, sort out everything at work before. You'll only regret it when you get back and everything has to be done at once

THE WEB PLANET

It's hard to ignore the lessons the production, rather than the fiction, of this story can teach us.

Moral

I think I've got the cash to do something pretty ambitious. But can I really afford to do it properly? Perhaps I should think less ambitiously to avoid looking silly

THE CRUSADE

'Was that so-and-so?' We've all seen famous people going about their business. Perhaps you think you saw Alan Shearer in your local Boots, or perhaps glimpsed Limahl out of Kajagoogoo from a train window. But were you absolutely sure? If someone comes up to you claiming to be the war leader of an enemy nation, as Sir William des Preaux does to the villainous El Akir in this story, make sure they are who they say they are before you hand them over to the authorities.

Moral

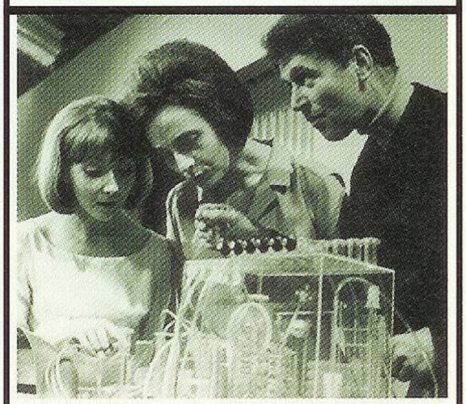
Don't drag somebody you think is a famous person over to your mates if you're not absolutely certain it is them. Or you'll look a right prat

THE SPACE MUSEUM

Sometimes, as life closes in around us, we get nasty flashes of the future. 'Oh no, I'll be doing this awful job forever.' 'Oh no, I'm about to marry the wrong person.' 'Oh no, if I buy a DVD player now, I'll be left behind when recordable DVDs come out.' Escape from a grim future seems impossible. But there's always time to turn things round, as the TARDIS crew discover when they rescue themselves from the Moroks' archive of schmucks.

Moral

It ain't over 'til it's over



THE CHASE

You have to feel sorry for the Daleks. Each one of them is armed with a deadly ray gun. They own a space/time machine more efficient than the TARDIS. They must have woken up that morning and thought, 'Easy life. All we have to do today is polish off a doddery old man, a teenage girl who's scared of heights, and two middle-class schoolteachers.' They can conquer the Earth, they can break the barriers of time and space, but they can't do that.

Moral

You can really get stuck on something that looks easy

THE TIME MEDDLER

Or, 'Time Lords Behaving Badly'. Some people want to lead an ordinary life. Some people want to take over the world. And some people, like the Meddling Monk, just want to give atomic weapons to King Harold in 1066. Why? Cause they're 'having a laugh'. Bit of harmless fun. It falls to stick-in-the-muds like the Doctor to stop these silly student pranks.

Moral

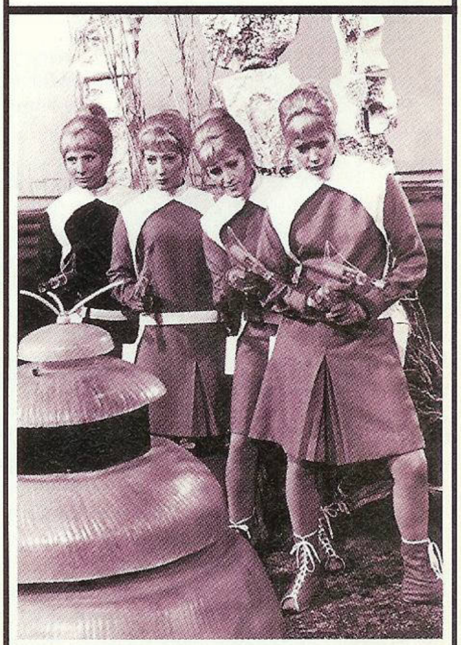
It's OK to 'have a laugh'. We all like to. Just don't go too far. It's all very funny until someone changes the course of history

GALAXY FOUR

The odd thing about *Galaxy Four* is that the 'beautiful' Drahvins never even try to be nice to get their own way. Right from the start, they're rude and horrible to the Doctor. It would be more of a twist if they did turn out to be the goodies.

Moral

Good-looking people, especially blondes, are spiteful and nasty, and don't even have to be pretend to be polite



MISSION TO THE UNKNOWN

Or, 'The Kembel Witch Project'. In which special agent Marc Cory leaves a message warning the Universe about imminent Dalek attack on a tape cassette – in the year 4000 AD. It's a bit like people nowadays who buy new LPs on vinyl. Yes, it's nice to have a bigger sleeve – but you can't fight the future.

Moral

Don't get too attached to vinyl, cassettes or even CDs. Recording technology is constantly changing, and in the end you just have to go along with it. And buy everything again

THE MYTH MAKERS

According to legend, the Trojan prophetess Cassandra was cursed never to have any of her prophecies believed (bad for a prophet). Much the same could be said of our own top astrologer Mystic Meg. So when you pick up the *News of the World* this Sunday, and your horoscope reads, 'Somebody will leave a gift horse outside your city. Do investigate to avoid work trauma,' it would be a good idea to do exactly as she says.

Moral

Ignore omens of doom at your cost. And, Beryl of Nantwich, the legacy is in the lining of your TARDIS tent

THE DALEKS' MASTER PLAN

And what a master plan. The Daleks invite the galactic leaders round to their house. 'Give us each a bit for our Time Destructor,' they say, 'and we'll divvy up the universe equally between us.' 'OK,' say the galactic leaders. 'That sounds fine by us.' And then they're terribly surprised when the Daleks turn round and start exterminating them. Now, everyone's entitled to be a bit gullible now and again. But *really*.

Moral

When someone offers you a deal, ask yourself not just what's in it for you, but what's in it for them

THE MASSACRE OF ST BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE

In which poor Steven discovers that in Paris you can't even raise your voice in a pub without being earmarked for assassination. And that the Queen Mother runs everything. And that to settle their disputes, Parisians just slaughter whoever disagrees with them.

Moral

There's still something awfully fishy about the French

THE CELESTIAL TOYMAKER

The trouble with the Celestial Toymaker is that his games are like those trivia machines you get in pubs. You answer all the rounds correctly, but then you get five seconds to rearrange Noel Edmonds' face, whilst you recount the winners of all 1950s FA Cup Finals and say whether *Colour by Numbers* was the title of a top ten single, a top ten album, or both. Of course, those machines steal your money. What the Celestial Toymaker gets out of kidnapping people and making them play his unwinnable games of hopscotch is anyone's guess.

Moral

Some people are just strange. Avoid them

THE GUNFIGHTERS

Doc Holliday moves to Tombstone, Arizona to throw off his six-guns and take up a new life as a dentist. But he hasn't got to his second customer before he's back to his outlaw ways, sending the poor Doctor into an ambush. Every now and again we all decide we're sick of ourselves and we're going to chuck in our old interests and start afresh. What this story teaches us is that this hardly ever works; our natures are too strong. A reformed gunslinger will sling guns again.

Moral

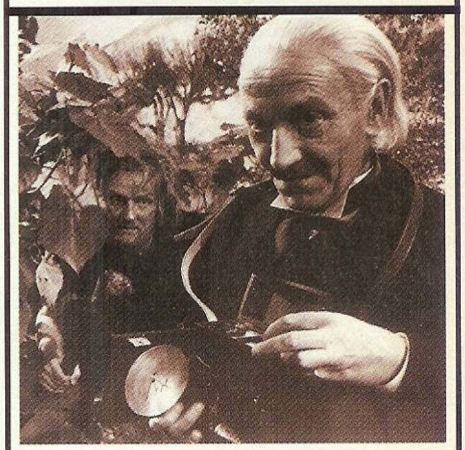
Never sell your *Doctor Who* merchandise. You will end up buying it all back

THE SAVAGES

The only way the Elders can prolong their existence is by absorbing the life force of the uneducated, close-to-the-edge 'savages'. The only way Phil Collins could prolong his existence was to absorb the life force of the homeless with his 1990 hit *Another Day in Paradise*.

Moral

Hanging around with the disenfranchised won't actually make you any cooler



THE WAR MACHINES

If Professor Brett had named his super computer 'Daisy' or 'Sheila' instead of 'WOTAN', would it have got the same delusions of grandeur? Perhaps poor WOTAN was just trying to live up to his name by taking over the world.

Moral

Be careful how you name your pets, or your children

THE SMUGGLERS

Ben and Polly climb aboard the TARDIS in central London. A few moments later they're in Cornwall. They sort of accept the Doctor has somehow transported them through space, but refuse totally to believe they've gone back in time. This is a bit like not believing the second half of two pieces of bad news, eg: 'I can just about accept that my local convenience store has run out of milk, but I cannot believe it has run out of bread.'

Moral

You've got no milk and no bread. Believe it, because you have to

THE TENTH PLANET

The Cybermen are the amazingly advanced machine cousins of humanity. They've come back to Earth to drain it of all its life and energy. But they get their sums wrong. Mondas absorbs too much energy and is destroyed. The Doctor doesn't have to do anything. He need not have been there.

Moral

Don't feel you always have to put yourself out. Have a lazy day now and again. Things may sort themselves out

DWM

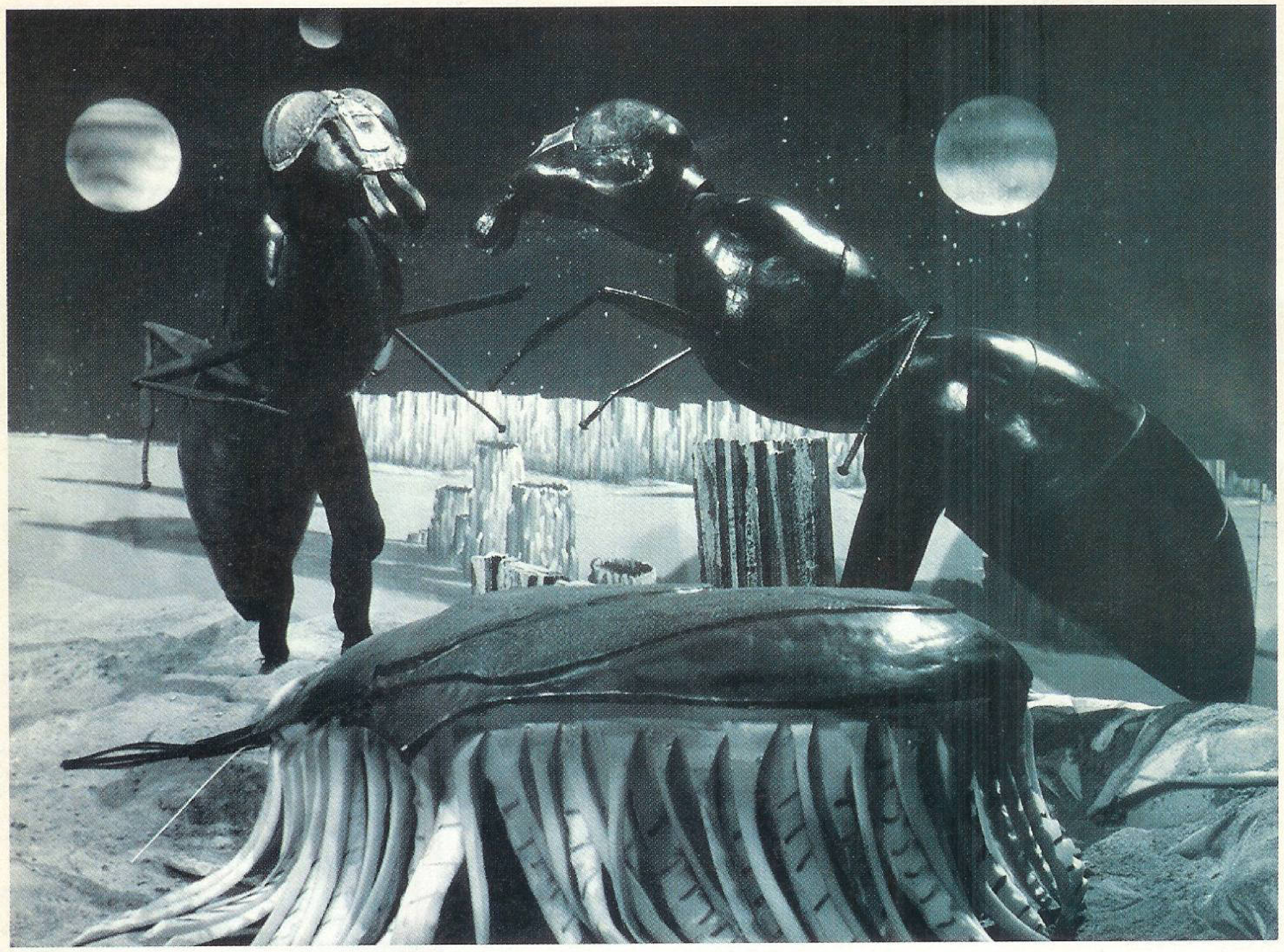
THE ARK

It's hard to feel sorry for the downtrodden Monoids in the first half of this story. It's not as if they're being treated very badly – just asked to hold test tubes, drive little buggies, and do a little light dusting. When the tables are turned, they make life much more difficult for the humans.

Moral

However dreary your dead-end job, no good will come of attempting to murder your employers

The Web Planet



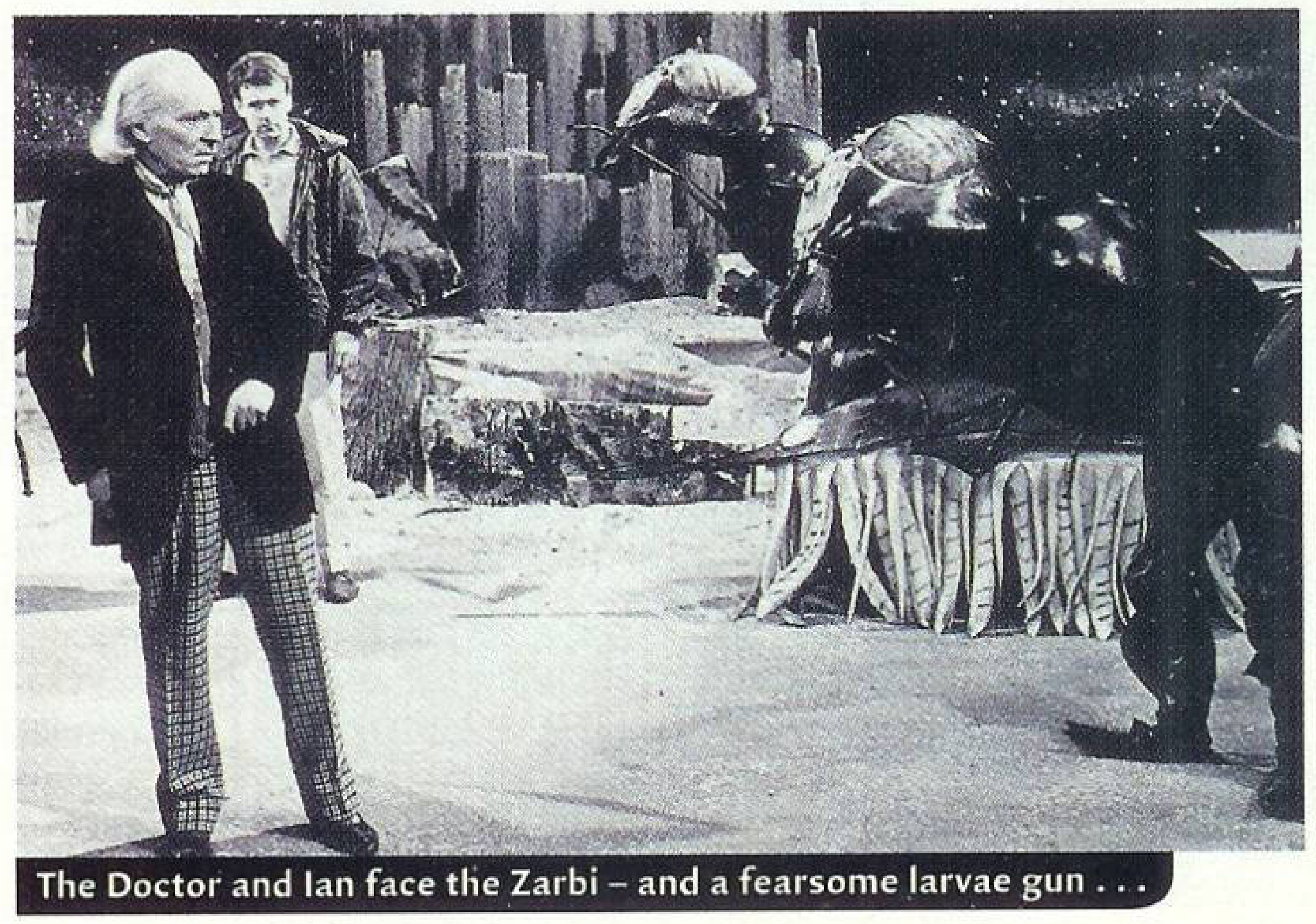
Outsize ants battle butterfly-men on the barren planet Vortis – with the Doctor caught in the middle. Andrew Pixley researches the making of a 1965 would-be epic!

THE WEB PLANET

Held by a strange force, the TARDIS is dragged down to the crater-marked surface of a bleak planet, its arrival observed by giant, chirruping ant-like monsters. The Doctor attempts to dematerialise the TARDIS, but the aliens use a larvae creature to immobilise the vessel. Affected by the strange noises from outside the TARDIS, Vicki is tended to by Barbara while the Doctor and Ian don atmospheric density jackets as protection against the planet's thin air.

On the apparently deserted surface, a strange force snatches Ian's gold pen out of his hand. The Doctor and Ian see a huge, dilapidated pyramidal structure; soon after, they discover a pool of acid in which Ian's Coal Hill School tie dissolves. The chirruping sounds fill the TARDIS as Barbara falls under a strange influence; compelled by the gold bracelet given to her by Nero, she is lured outside the ship and walks on, unseeing, towards the acid pool. Vicki wakes to find Barbara gone; she calls out in panic as the chirruping begins again – and the TARDIS dematerialisation sound is heard . . .

Hearing Vicki's cries, the Doctor and Ian hurry back to the TARDIS, but Ian becomes ensnared in a strange web. The Doctor arrives back at the landing site to find his ship missing . . .



The Doctor and Ian face the Zarbi – and a fearsome larvae gun . . .

THE ZARBI

The entranced Barbara, who is being directed by the ant creatures, is intercepted by a butterfly-like humanoid and guided into a cave where her bracelet is removed. The teacher regains her senses.

The Doctor returns to find that the web around Ian has vanished. Evidently, the TARDIS has been dragged away, and they resolve to follow its trail; the ship, with Vicki inside, is being drawn across the planet towards a living building. The Doctor spots a mummified corpse which he recognises as that of a Menoptra, and announces the name of this planet: Vortis. They approach a huge webbed city, where they are surrounded by the ant creatures and their larvae guns.

Barbara meets three of the butterfly-like Menoptra, who fear she may betray them to the ant-like Zarbi. She makes an attempt to escape and is soon recaptured by the Zarbi, who force her to wear a golden necklet which places her in a trance-like state once more. In the cave, the Menoptra are attempting to contact a distant spearhead of their fellows to warn them of the power of the Animus when the Zarbi attack, killing one Menoptra and capturing another, Hrostar. The leader, Vrestin, manages to escape.

The Doctor and Ian are herded into a control chamber in the webbed city where they are reunited with both Vicki and the TARDIS. The Zarbi jostle the Doctor into place beneath a descending cylinder, inside which he hears a female voice ask him: "Why do you come now?"

ESCAPE TO DANGER

The voice is that of the Animus, the power controlling the Zarbi. The Animus accuses the Doctor of being part of the Menoptra invasion force – and orders the Doctor to locate the Menoptra spearhead in return for his party's freedom. The Doctor learns that Barbara has been captured and taken to the Crater of Needles.

While Vicki is held by the Zarbi, Ian and the Doctor disconnect the TARDIS' astral map and bring it outside the ship. The Doctor claims that the Animus' forces are interfering with the map's operation, forcing the Animus to suspend its functions in the vicinity. As the Zarbi guards fall silent, Ian seizes his chance to escape, evading other Zarbi in the city corridors. Meanwhile, the Doctor and Vicki intercept messages indicating that the Menop pathfinder will land on the Sayo Plateau. With the Animus' power restored, the Doctor notes a Zarbi's terrified reaction to a small spider – a specimen from inside the TARDIS.

On the surface, Vrestin meets Ian and helps him evade the Zarbi. Ian learns that Vortis was once the home world of the Menoptra, who were forced to flee their planet when the dark power of the Animus arrived, taking control of the mindless Zarbi and creating the webbed city, the Carsenome. The pair set off for the Crater of Needles, but are soon attacked by Zarbi. They are forced into a rock crevice – but the ground gives way beneath them . . .

CRATER OF NEEDLES

Having fallen into an underground cave, Ian and Vrestin are taken prisoner by small subterranean creatures known as the Optera, who – believing them to be hostile intruders from above – condemn them to death. Vrestin reveals herself to be a leader of the Menoptra, fabled gods of the Optera. Awestruck, the Optera bow as Vrestin proclaims that they will destroy the dark forces on Vortis.

Barbara and a group of wingless Menoptra are enslaved in the Crater of Needles, feeding vegetation into acid pools for the Animus. Hrostar explains to Barbara that his people are attempting to mount an invasion, bringing with them the Isoptope, a new device which they hope will destroy the Animus.

In the Carsenome, the Doctor is forced to divulge to the Animus that the Menoptra are massing on Pictos. The Zarbi are mobilised. Herded into a hut, the the prisoners in the crater fear that the Animus now knows of the impending invasion – and determine to reach the Sayo Plateau to warn the spearhead. Breaking down the hut wall, the Menoptra lure the Zarbi into an ambush and escape with Barbara, heading for the Plateau.

Guessing that gold is some sort of conductor for the Animus' power – hence the snatching of Ian's pen – the Doctor manages to neutralise one of the golden necklets, but the Animus activates his recording of the Menoptra transmissions and learns of the attack on the Plateau. Barbara and the Menoptra reach the Plateau to find it swarming with Zarbi. The spearhead arrives, but their electron guns prove to be useless against the Zarbi. The spearhead leader escapes with a female slave, Hlynia – but Barbara is surrounded by the Zarbi . . .

INVASION

Trapped beside a cliff-face, Barbara, Hrostar and another Menoptra, Prapillus, fall through a hidden door, entering the safety of a long-lost Menoptra Temple of Light. They are soon joined by Hlynia and the spearhead leader, Hilio – who carries with him the vital Isoptope. Together, they plan an attack on the Carsenome and the Animus.

In the Carsenome, the Doctor uses the neutralised necklet to take control of a Zarbi, guiding it with his ring. Using the creature – which Vicki nicknames 'Zombo' – as their escort, the pair are able to leave the city. Locating the Temple, the Doctor and Vicki are reunited with Barbara. It is agreed that the Doctor and Vicki will take the Isoptope into the Carsenome, while Barbara and the Menoptra will divert the Animus' attention by attacking the city directly, allowing the Doctor to defeat the Animus.

Underground, the Optera agree to help Vrestin and Ian tunnel their way up to attack the Animus, which the Optera call 'Pwodarauk'. Battling against noxious fumes and lethal acid pools, the Optera dig onwards. Returning to the Carsenome, the Doctor and Vicki are surrounded by the Zarbi – and a spined gun set into a wall swathes them both in immobilising cobwebs . . .

Barbara examines one of the golden necklets

THE CENTRE

The Animus orders that the Doctor and Vicki should be brought before it, in the centre of the Carsenome. As they Doctor are herded by the Zarbi, Vicki reveals that she has hidden the Isoptope inside the astral map; they are now unarmed. The pair are brought into a chamber dominated by a glowing, spider-like creature – the Animus proper – which draws them towards it. Meanwhile, Ian, Vrestin and the Optera continue to strike upwards. Barbara's party begins the attack on the Zarbi, penetrating the Carsenome only at the cost of Hrostar's life. Arriving in the control area, they find the Isoptope and head for the Animus' chamber. Vicki and the Doctor are succumbing to the Animus – which has learned from them of the rich pickings to be had on the planet Earth – when Barbara enters with the Menoptra. Only Barbara is immune to the fierce light emanating from the Animus, but she seems powerless to activate the Isoptope. At that moment, Ian emerges from beneath the chamber – and the distraction allows Barbara to complete her task. The Animus withers and dies.

With the destruction of the Animus, the Zarbi become docile. Water once again flows on the arid planet; in time, vegetation will flourish. The Optera emerge onto the surface. The Doctor's party depart in the TARDIS as the Menoptra summon the rest of their people back to Vortis: "Fly in Menoptra, to the delta of light. We are waiting . . ."

Hrostar has his wings clipped by the Zarbi. Barbara is appalled

'They were made militant . . .'

Hiding from the ant-like Zarbi on the surface of Vortis, the Menoptra Vrestin tells Ian Chesterton of the disaster which befell her planet – and her people.

VRESTIN You do not know our story?
IAN No, I don't. Tell me.
VRESTIN The Zarbi are not an intelligent species, but they were essential to the life-pattern here. We lived at peace with them, until they were made militant by the dark power.
IAN The dark power? What's that?
VRESTIN The Animus. At that time, the Carsenome appeared. Grew like a fungus. We had no weapons – we had not had the need – and by the time we sensed the danger, the Zarbi were too strong . . .

From **The Web Planet: Escape to Danger**, by Bill Strutton

Photos: BBC Video [15]

In Production

Ealing Studios, January 1965: a Zarbi receives some cosmetic attention

Mid-way through 1964, London-based Australian writer Bill Strutton viewed *Doctor Who* and decided that, although he had no knowledge of science fiction, he would like to write for it. Strutton's agents, Associated London Scripts, contacted the *Doctor Who* production office, and he was invited in to discuss a potential story idea with producer Verity Lambert and story editor David Whitaker.

Because of the success of the Daleks, the production team were not looking for a new race of robotic monsters and asked Strutton to come up with something different. The writer recalled how, as a toddler, he had seen two bull ants fighting in an empty kerosene can, receiving a terrible bite to his finger when he'd tried to separate them. In his mind, he linked this image with that of his sons, aged four and six, fighting head-to-head. The Doctor would, therefore, encounter monster ants which radiated deadly venom on a planet of giant insects, where subsidiary races would be based on butterflies and spiders. Having discussed the idea with Lambert, Strutton was not required to write a storyline. On Monday 28 September, the departing Whitaker commissioned him to author *Doctor Who and the Webbed Planet*, six scripts comprising Serial N; the target delivery date was Friday 13 November.

Written while Strutton was in the process of moving house, the scripts took between four and six weeks to produce. The sinister name for the Zarbi was arrived at by Strutton's wife, Margueritte. Further names were arrived at by browsing through an encyclopedia; the Greek word *lepidoptera*, the order of insects including butterflies and moths, inspired both 'Menoptera' (which then became 'Menoptra') and 'Optera', whereas the name for the webbed city, the Carsenome (or 'Carsinome' in early drafts), stemmed from 'carcinoma', meaning 'cancerous growth'. In the final episode, *Centre of Terror*, the writer introduced the Animus (from the Latin for animating spirit, or animosity) which he envisaged as a great magnetic spider, drawing everything towards it (it was also referred to as a "spider cyndron"). Two of the Menoptra were originally called 'Rostar' (later renamed 'Hrostar') and 'Papillus' (later 'Prapillus'); the latter derived from the Latinate butterfly term 'papilionaceous'.

Amendments were made in the closing weeks of 1964 by new story editor Dennis Spooner, who felt that the narrative worked on many levels (the Menoptra representing free enterprise and the Zarbi Communism, for example). Most significantly, Spooner rejected Strutton's original notion of the Zarbi spitting venom, and instead developed the venom-spitting larvae guns as Zarbi young. To tie Strutton's narrative into the preceding serial, his own *The Romans*, Spooner undertook rewrites to both stories, making the golden bracelet which causes Barbara to fall under the Animus' influence a gift from the Emperor Nero. The scripts had been carefully structured to omit the character of Barbara from the third instalment, *Escape to Danger*, because actress Jacqueline Hill had been scheduled for a week's holiday.

Various differences between the scripts and the broadcast programmes can be noted. In the first script, *The Web Planet*, after Ian's tie dissolves in an acid pool, the Doctor chides the science teacher for not realising what the liquid was, accusing him of spending too much time at school "kicking a bladder about on a field". During the second script, *The Zarbi*, the Doctor comments that the Isop Galaxy is "eight light years from Earth"; there is also material with Ian saying he is hungry. The Menoptra credited on-screen as Hrhoonda is referred to as "Menoptra Three", and the necklets which place people under the Animus' control are described as "metallic" and "wishbone-shaped" (stage directions in a later episode refer to an object called the "Husperon Ejector", possibly another name for the necklets). The Carsenome entrance is described vividly: "We see the effect of the web growing. Small globules move out of the edge of the growing wall, extending minutely, the size of the 'building'." This scene also has the Doctor commenting to Ian: "Come into my parlour said the

> **'The Web Planet was quite imaginative. We took a good stab at doing something extraordinary, and I would never blame anyone for trying'**
>
> Verity Lambert

WRITER Bill Strutton

William Harold Strutton was born in Moonta, Southern Australia, in 1918. Abandoning his studies at Adelaide University, he became a bank clerk and joined the Australian Army at the outbreak of World War II. After serving in the desert, he was captured by German forces in Crete and spent four years as a prisoner of war. Following his release, the friendships he had made as a POW led him to settle in London, working for an Australian newspaper group. Keen to branch out, Strutton's first novel, *Jury of Angels*, was published in 1957; he then started to write for independent television on series such as *Ivanhoe, No Hiding Place, The Avengers* and *The Saint.* In 1964, he began working for the BBC, with episodes of *Dr Finlay's Casebook* and *R3* to his name. *The Web Planet* was Strutton's only *Doctor Who* serial; a second idea, suggested to him by producer Verity Lambert, went unused. His writing career continued with *The Man in Room 17*, the movie *Assignment K*, plus writing and editing *Strange Report* and the BBC thriller *Paul Temple.* In 1970, he approached the *Doctor Who* team once more and was made welcome by producer Barry Letts and script editor Terrance Dicks. Dicks formally commissioned a four-part storyline titled *The Mega* from Strutton on Monday 19 October 1970, but it was not pursued further. Strutton retired from writing during the mid-1970s.

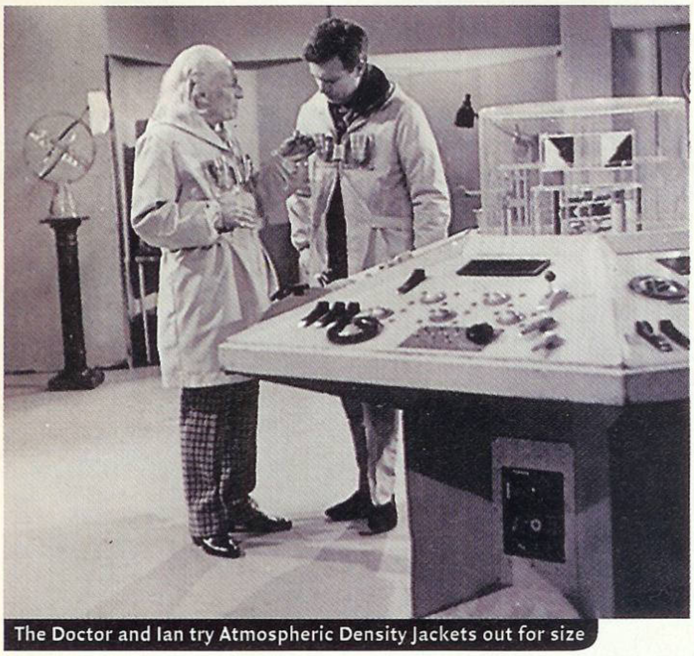
spider to the fly." The device through which the Doctor communicates with the Animus is described as "a deep saucer shaped dome".

In the next script, *Escape to Danger*, the scene where Ian and the Doctor enter the TARDIS opens differently, with Ian concerned that Barbara left the TARDIS without leaving any clue to her whereabouts; meanwhile, the Doctor is searching for medication, cursing the mess in the TARDIS and muttering, "Women – women!" After learning that it will take two hours to reach the Crater of Needles, Ian jokingly asks Vrestin: "Can't you give me a lift?"

In the script for *The Crater of Needles* (as it is titled on some pages), the vegetation collected by the Menoptra slaves is defined as seaweed. The script names the Menoptra weapon as the 'Isotope'; this became 'Isoptope' later in production, and is also referred to as the "web destructor" in the final script. The fourth episode includes an additional scene set in the Optera Nest which was dropped prior to recording; here, Vrestin tells Ian that no Menoptra would live underground – they would rather be slaves – and recalls legends of the Menoptra's flight from Vortis when many fell to their deaths, but she cannot think where her cousins the Optera came from. In *Invasion*, the Optera dialogue about 'Pwodarauk', and Vrestin's identifying it with the Animus, was a very late addition.

SCRIPTING The Zarbi

The Zarbi were introduced in the script for *The Web Planet* thus: "A two-pincered claw comes into sight . . . a sleek, shiny head appears from behind the crag, its cyclopean eye watches the telephone box." The four main Zarbi were referred to as either Zarbi 1 to 4 or Zarbi A to D. The first camera script indicated that "Zarbi 2 makes furious hand-rubbing actions." The Zarbi were envisaged as being more agile in Bill Strutton's script, and the scene where the Doctor and Ian meet the creatures in the second episode was originally very different. The Doctor and Ian are guessing where the TARDIS is when a fine net drops over Ian. The Doctor turns to see his fallen friend as he too is ensnared. The Zarbi move in, one examining the Doctor. Ian throws off his net and engages in a fight with one Zarbi. However, another Zarbi fells the teacher with a blow from its claw. The Doctor instructs Ian not resist as the two men are dragged to their feet. Likewise, in *Escape to Danger*, at one point a Zarbi grabs Ian by the throat. The scripts referred to the grubs as Zarbi Guns, Zarbi Venom Guns or, in the script for *Crater of Needles*, "larvi gun". In the film schedules, the creatures were referred to as Zarbi Cannons, but named as Zarbi Larvae in the final dialogue.



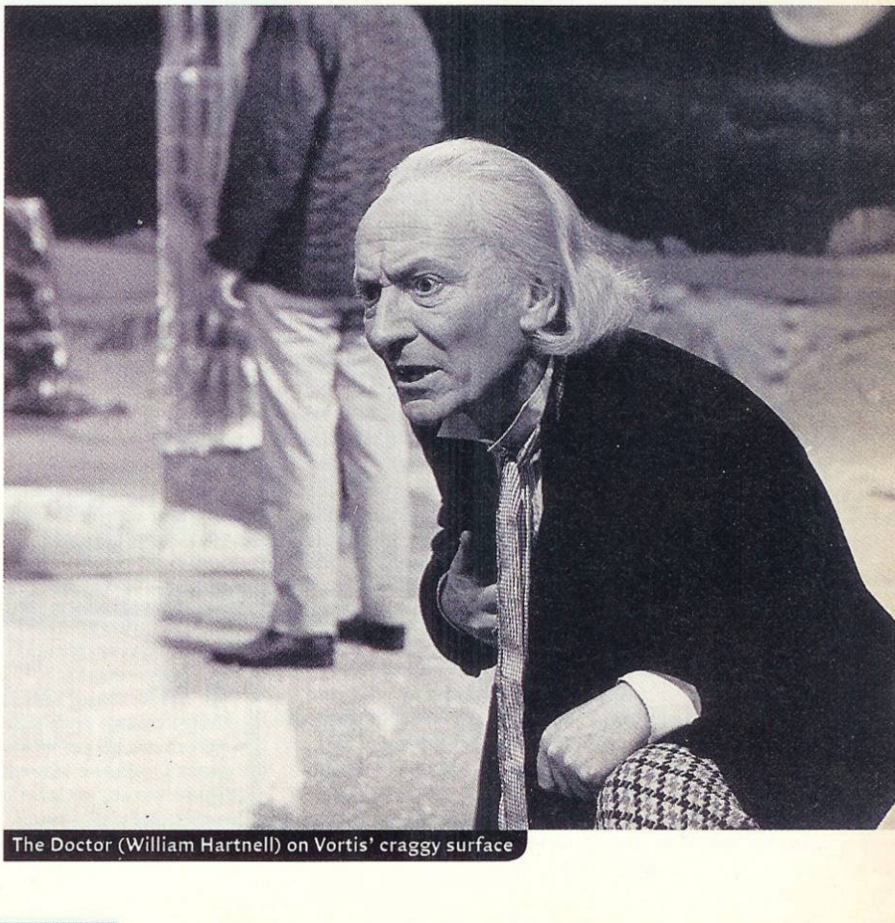
The Doctor and Ian try Atmospheric Density Jackets out for size

The scripts emphasised the Doctor's ring; in the first episode he opens the powerless TARDIS doors with it, commenting that it is "not merely a decorative object". This is expanded on in *Invasion*, when – having used his ring to control a Zarbi – the Doctor tells Prapillus that it has secrets of untold value.

The director assigned to this technically demanding serial was Richard Martin, a young BBC staff director who had worked on both the first Dalek serial and the ambitious *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*. Martin was disappointed with Strutton's scripts, despite thinking them closest to the fantasy adventure he felt *Doctor Who* should be; for him, the story had great visual potential, but this would be restricted by the studio facilities available. During production, Martin overspent in an attempt to achieve his desired look, and this brought him into stormy conflict with the cost-conscious Lambert. Martin thought that the dialogue was terrible, and worked with Spooner on script amendments.

Up to this point, most *Doctor Who* serials had been designed by either Raymond Cusick or Barry Newbery, but the pair asked that a third designer should be allocated for the second production block; set and effects designer John Wood was duly appointed. Make-up and costume were supervised by Sonia Markham and Daphne Dare; Markham had joined the series with *The Sensorites*, whereas Dare had worked on the show since the first Dalek serial. At the time of filming, associate producer Mervyn Pinfield was in the process of leaving; his appointment had originally been to assist fledgling producer Lambert. Pinfield returned to being a BBC staff director, working on the soap *Compact*.

Martin insisted on special choreography for the insect performers, hiring Australian mime artist Roslyn de Winter to develop both the clipped speech and sympathetic hand gestures of the Menoptra and the gutteral delivery of the stunted Optra. De Winter was also cast as Vrestin. Actors with dancing experience were sought for the Menoptra; one of the performers under consideration was Peter Purves, who had completed a season in the chorus at the London Palladium chorus, but Martin felt he would be wasted as a Menoptra and kept him in mind for better roles. Short artistes were hired to play the Optera. For the main Zarbi, Martin used three established Dalek operators, Robert Jewell, Kevin Manser and Gerald Taylor; when one of the other established Dalek performers dropped out, he was replaced by John Scott Martin, whom Martin had directed in *Z Cars*.



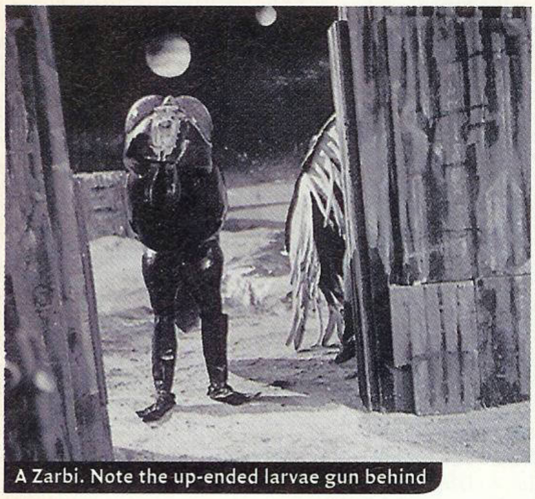
The Doctor (William Hartnell) on Vortis' craggy surface

The 35mm filming allocation was devoted to establishing and action sequences on Vortis' surface; Wood had initially envisaged this as completely organic, but it ended up as a bleak, rocky setting. By the time shooting began, the serial had been re-titled *The Web Planet*. Pre-filming took place on Stage 2 at the BBC Television Film Studios in Ealing over several days from Monday 4 January 1965. Work on the first day included various model shots for *The Zarbi*, including the TARDIS being dragged along Vortis, then advancing towards the web entrance and being guided by a Zarbi. It was also planned that Taylor would appear in shots of a Zarbi on the TARDIS scanner to be viewed by Vicki, but this sequence was abandoned. Also filmed was the establishing model shot of the TARDIS materialising on Vortis in *The Web Planet*, plus cutaway shots of Ian's tie and Barbara's bracelet dissolving in pools of formic acid. To capture the alien world's thin atmosphere, Martin wanted to use

COSTUMES The Zarbi

From writer Bill Strutton's descriptions, designer John Wood came up with design sketches for the eight-foot ant-like Zarbi, which he felt were both believable and disguised the human form, bar the actors' legs; although some of the team had reservations about their practicalities, producer Verity Lambert was very enthusiastic. Construction of the four adult Zarbi costumes was delegated to prop builders Shawcraft Modelmakers of Uxbridge. An original suggestion to make the outfits in light Styrofoam was rejected as too fragile, and fibreglass was used instead. The result was similar to a three-piece suit of armour. After donning vinyl leggings and feet, the thorax section was strapped over the actor, and the large abdomen hung onto the rear of this, meaning that the actors could not stand up straight and had to rest by balancing on 12-inch blocks. The spring-mounted forearms on the thorax could be moved by wires, and the actors saw out through a gauze section below the head which housed a scissor mechanism for the mandibles.

The cumbersome outfits took 20 minutes to don and the performers had restricted vision; during recording of *Escape to Danger*, one Zarbi ran straight into the camera. There was also a tricky sequence which required William Russell to flip one of the Zarbi over in the same instalment. Shawcraft also constructed the two simpler larvae outfits, incorporating layers of dark vinyl hanging down from the hard shell to simulate the creatures' legs and an electronically activated flash charge mounted in the snout. In *Escape to Danger*, one of these was mounted on a shallow trolley, allowing it to move swiftly over the studio floor.



A Zarbi. Note the up-ended larvae gun behind

The TARDIS is grounded, drawn to Vortis by strange, unearthly powers

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

a greased neutral density filter on the lens to give the Vortis surface scenes a distorted appearance, but found that the optical glass recommended to him was over budget, and was forced to settle for a cheaper alternative.

Tuesday 5 was the BBC press call day, unveiling five of the Zarbi and the Menoptra. After an initial model shot establishing the slave colony for *Crater of Needles*, the day was to be spent on the complex Sayo Plateau scene depicting the Menoptra invasion bridging the fourth and fifth episodes. The plan was to shoot most of the material which did not require Jacqueline Hill, who was then rehearsing *The Romans: Conspiracy*. There was a last-minute adjustment to the Menoptra costumes; photographs taken during the press call show the actors without the Menoptra's circular insect eyes in place, and with a longer fur cowl around their shoulders (for the actual filming, the eyes were added and the cowl removed). A total of eight Menoptra costumes were made to Dare's specifications; four of these had harnesses to allow the performers to be suspended by Kirby wires for flying sequences. The main costumes were made in yellow fur on a black vinyl catsuit, with a lose vinyl cowl incorporating wire antennae; the actors wore painted faces. Some of the costumes had ornate polythene wings, manufactured by Shawcraft, which could unfurl on hidden wires, whereas others had only stumps. The working Menoptra guns were made to look like antennae, with two prongs emerging from them. Dry ice and smoke jets helped to hide deficiencies in the Vortis set. Jack Pitt operated 'Zarbi Gun 1' while Jewell as 'Zarbi A' (aka 'Zarbi One'), Taylor was 'Zarbi B', Manser was 'Zarbi C' and Martin was 'Zarbi D'; Hugh Lund was not required to operate 'Zarbi Gun 2'. The four Menoptra artistes required were Arne Gordon as Hrostar, Jolyon Booth as Prapillus and Martin Jarvis as Hilio, with De Winter also appearing as one of the invading Menoptra.

Shooting on Wednesday 6 saw a continuation of the invasion sequence, including all the shots featuring Barbara. Simultaneously, newspapers including the *Daily Telegraph* carried photographs of the new monsters, with the *Daily Mail* running a short interview with Strutton. The invasion sequence continued into Thursday 7, which was given over to the Kirby Flying Ballet sequences; two Menoptra could fly at one time, with the distorted lens helping to hide the wires. These shots were performed by De Winter and Jarvis; De Winter also performed a shot of Vrestin flying for *Escape to Danger*. However, the earlier delays with costumes and the complexity of shooting meant that not only was the standby day of Friday 8 needed, but a further shoot on Monday 11 was also required, albeit using Taylor and De Winter only.

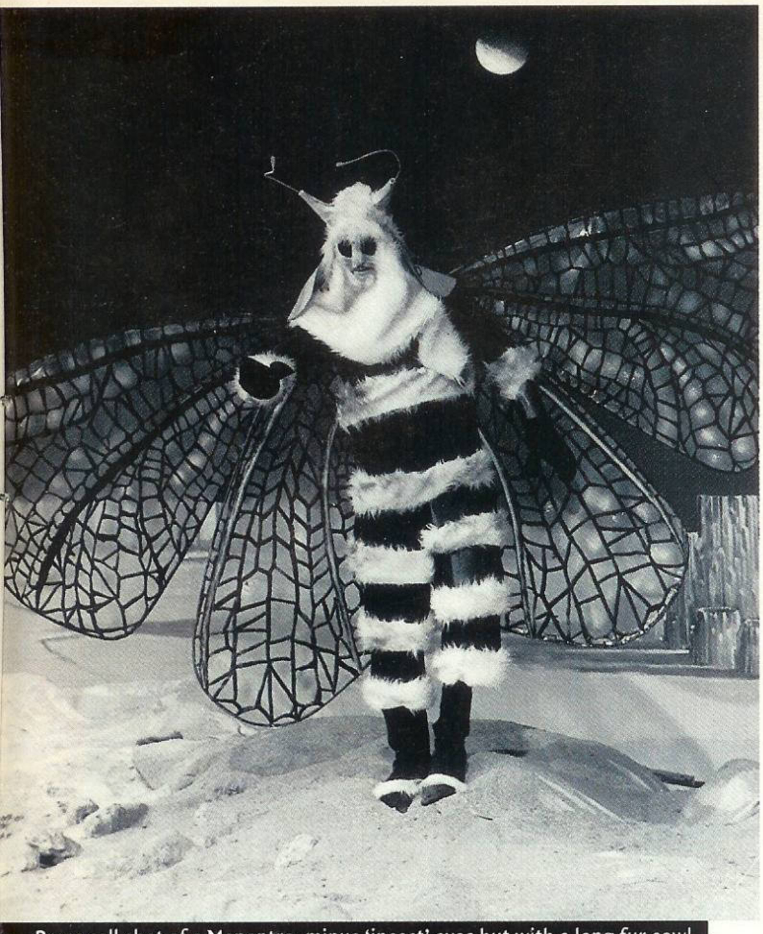
Rehearsals for the first episode began at the London Transport Executive Assembly Rooms on Wood Lane on Monday 18 January, leading up to the recording in Riverside Studio 1 on Friday 22; at this time, *Doctor Who* was recording just over three weeks in advance of broadcast. Apart from the regular cast of William Hartnell, William Russell, Jacqueline Hill and Maureen O'Brien, only two adult Zarbi and one larvae gun were required, operated by Jewell, Taylor and Pitt respectively. The echoing speech of the Doctor and Ian on Vortis, and Vicki's cries of distress, had been tape-recorded in the morning. Hartnell was unhappy with the serial, finding it demanding since the clumsiness of the Zarbi meant that he had to be very precise with his movements.

The main recording ran from 8.45 to 10pm. The episode opened with a 35mm filmed reprise from *The Romans: Inferno*, after which opening captions were placed over the filmed Vortis model. After their Roman clobber, the regulars returned to more usual attire: Hartnell regained the Doctor's jacket and checked tie but wore a new waistcoat, while O'Brien donned Vicki's tunic from *The Rescue*. A new TARDIS equipment bay was introduced, containing various cabinets, a first aid box and the astral map; the TARDIS living quarters set seen in *Inside the Spaceship* was reused. Images from the Vortis surface set were fed from one camera to the monitor acting as the TARDIS scanner, and the TARDIS console was seen to rotate on its axis when affected by the Animus.

The TARDIS' attempt to materialise was achieved by cross-fading to a photo-caption of the empty Vortis set taken that morning; a web pattern was then superimposed over the Police Box. A recording break was scheduled to allow Hartnell and Russell to move from the TARDIS set out onto Vortis, and also to rig up Ian's gold pen on a wire so that it could be pulled out of Russell's fingers. Two camera filters akin to those used at Ealing were fitted to the electronic

MUSIC Les Structure Sonores

To offset the expensive props and costumes, director Richard Martin used library recordings of unearthly *musique concrete* performances arranged by Jacques Lasry and Francois Baschet, whose sounds were created using glass rods mounted in steel. One of the main pieces used in the serial was Lasry and Baschet's *Rhapsody: Budapest* (40" in *The Web Planet*, 2'35" in *Crater of Needles*), accompanied by three pieces from Lasry alone – *Pieces: Nouvelles* (1'19" in *The Web Planet*, 1'27" in *The Zarbi*), *Sonatiae* (24" in *The Web Planet*) and *Suite* (10" in *The Zarbi*) – plus Daniel Ouzounoff's *Marche* (10" in *The Zarbi*). No music was used in *Invasion*, with unidentified tracks used in *Escape to Danger* and *The Centre*.



Press call shot of a Menoptra, minus 'insect' eyes but with a long fur cowl

cameras; one of these was to break in the coming weeks. The shot of the Doctor and Ian looking up at the strange monument was achieved by having Hartnell and Russell stand against a black backdrop while a model shot of the structure was superimposed. The Vortis landscape set included a small pool of water for the acid pool; while the telecine sequence of the tie dissolving ran, the complete tie was swapped by Hartnell for a charred replica. The web which captures Ian was a net raised by wires to ensnare Russell on cue, and required a recording pause to set up. The 'Next Episode' caption ran over a close-up of the Doctor.

Rehearsals for *The Zarbi* started on Monday 25, with De Winter holding a training session for herself, Gordon and Arthur Blake, all of whom donned full Menoptra costumes to practice their movements; the costumes had now been revised to incorporate a different vinyl cowl section. The Menoptra dialogue was also exaggerated, with the creatures mispronouncing the travellers' names; Ian became 'Heron', Barbara became 'Arbara' and Vicki, 'Vricki'.

The ambitious recording, scheduled for between 8.30 and 9.45pm, took place at Riverside on Friday 29. The episode opened with a filmed reprise, and opening captions ran over shots of the Zarbi directing the "morphatised" Barbara across Vortis. A periscope was fitted to one of the cameras for the low angle shot where Ian steps treads on the mummified Menoptra (a vacuum-formed prop). The Carsenome model appeared briefly in one shot with the Doctor and Ian; the entrance incorporated tentacles and tubes which could be inflated on cue, to make the city appear to be growing.

The TARDIS control room set was erected adjacent to Zarbi HQ so that the web walls could be seen outside the doors. The Carsenome walls were gauzes painted and dressed with organic designs, and the HQ set incorporated an illuminated wall section plus the transparent Animus tube which descended from above. However, two different Zarbi were used for the attempt to enter the TARDIS; one on the Zarbi HQ set approaching the Police Box prop, and another shot through the doors from inside the control room as it approached the camera. A flash charge detonation was used for the death of Hrhoonda, and a recording break was scheduled to set up the Zarbi tearing off Hrostar's wings. Closing captions were shown over a shot of the Doctor being addressed by the Animus.

The recording was beset with problems, seven retakes necessitating a costly 16-minute over-run. Firstly, a cast member spoke during a film sequence, and another actor walked through shot. There was a temporary loss of telecine, and film sequences ran out in vision on two occasions. Scenery problems caused actors to forget their lines, and again a rogue figure strayed into shot. The Zarbi costumes caused many problems with both their excessive preparation time and the actors' inability to move into position easily; there was also an eight-minute delay when one of the costumes broke.

Hill was given a holiday the following week, with recording of *Escape to Danger* taking place on Friday 5 February; due to the availability of technical facilities, it had been agreed in December that this episode would record later, between 9.00 and 10.15pm. Again, the studio session was beset with problems. There was a late start when the Vortis exterior and the TARDIS laboratory sets had not been delivered; furthermore, the floor of Zarbi HQ had not been painted. There was then a delay with the studio lighting, losing 40 minutes' rehearsal time. When recording began, this was compounded by a camera failure and a consequent 18-minute break, upsetting the cast and causing a number of 'fluffs'. Recording did not conclude until 10.52pm.

The episode opened with a filmed reprise, over which the episode title was superimposed; the writer credit appeared over a new shot of the Zarbi HQ. This episode saw the introduction of the spine guns, operated from behind the wall by a stagehand inserting their arm into the sleeve-like prop and detonating a flash charge. For this episode, the Kirby's Flying Ballet was required in studio to replace some abandoned film sequences of Vrestin taking flight. A recording break was scheduled to allow the astral map prop to be moved from the TARDIS control room to the Zarbi HQ set. A recording break allowed Russell to move to the Vortis set; there were further recording pauses at Vicki's scene in the TARDIS and to arrange the debris which was to collapse on Ian and Vrestin. The 'Next Episode' caption ran over a shot of the Zarbi milling about.

'The script was appalling, but the ideas were the nearest to what I thought the series ought to be – pure fantasy'

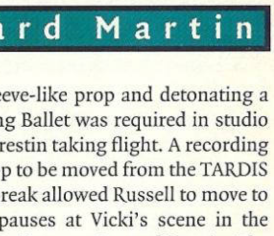
Richard Martin

Impromptu script changes became a source of friction between producer and director; on Tuesday 9 February, Lambert sent a memo to Martin condemning the fact that the cast were altering their dialogue. She emphasised that Martin needed to control this, and any major changes should be picked up at the read-though on the Wednesday the week before rehearsals began. Spooner would be available to make any necessary changes, and Lambert indicated that she was aware of how Hartnell could be awkward over script amendments.

Recording of *Crater of Needles* on Friday 12 February reverted to an 8.30pm start. The episode opened with a less complex re-enactment of the climax to *Escape to Danger*. The title caption was shown over a filmed model of the Crater

PROMOTION Trailer

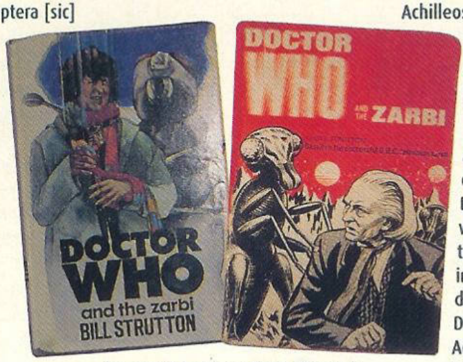
An 104-second filmed trailer for *The Web Planet* was screened on BBC1 at 6.03pm on Saturday 6 February, directly after the broadcast of *The Romans: Inferno.* Shot at Ealing on Tuesday 5 January, this comprised special footage of a Zarbi arriving at the gates of Ealing Film Studios and entering its dressing room to prepare for its role in *Doctor Who.* Unfortunately, this piece of marketing upset director Richard Martin who, on Monday 8 February, sent a memo to producer Verity Lambert headed "To whom it may concern, and you might as well get an ear full as anyone else". The director was very unhappy, feeling that the trailer sold his work short even before the serial hit the screen, leaving him feeling "like a conjurer about to do an elaborate two and a half hour trick when all the audience know the secrets already". Lambert responded to Martin that the jokey trailer had been intentional to take "the curse out of the Zarbi" for the younger audience. The serial had a high profile in *Radio Times,* which gave its cover over to the serial on Thursday 11 February. Inside the magazine was a half-page feature on the new serial with a photograph of the Doctor and Ian on Vortis.



MERCHANDISE Zarbimania!

The Zarbi spawned an array of merchandise as toy manufacturers hoped they would prove as popular as the Daleks. The week following the end of *The Web Planet* on BBC1, the Zarbi and the Menoptera [sic] featured in *Doctor Who on the Web Planet*, a comic strip drawn by Neville Main in *TV Comic* issues 693 to 698; in this adventure, the Doctor and his grandchildren John and Gillian return to Vortis and find that the Skirkans are now controlling the Zarbi.

The Zarbi Are Destroyed, one of the slides in Chad Valley's 1965 *Doctor Who* Give-A-Show Projector set, encapsulated the TV serial into seven colourful frames with the Isotope destroying the Zarbi brain centre. Plastoid produced two badges of the creatures from the serial in 1965; a Menoptra and a Zarbi with a larvae gun. The Zarbi and Menoptera [sic] also turned up in the first edition of World Distributors' *The Dr Who Annual* in September 1965; reputedly written by David Whitaker and Dennis Spooner, this included the text stories *The Lair of the Zarbi Supremo* (in which the Doctor returns to Vortis to find a giant Zarbi moving the planet to attack Earth) and *The Lost Ones* (the Doctor's first visit to Vortis where he meets survivors from Atlantis).



Writer Bill Strutton was rapidly approached by publishers Frederick Muller, which had published *Doctor Who in an exciting adventure with the Daleks* in November 1964. Strutton spent three weeks novelising his serial as *Doctor Who and the Zarbi*; the Menoptra became 'the Menoptera', Vrestin became male and Strutton retained the six-episode structure, with the final part titled *Centre of Terror*. With illustrations by John Wood (not the same as the serial's designer), the hardback was issued in September 1965 and apparently marketed by Soccer Books of New York in 1966. A paperback edition was published by Target in May 1973; artist Chris Achilleos was disappointed when the BBC insisted that the Zarbi and Menoptra resembled their television counterparts on his cover artwork. A hardback edition was published in December 1975, but while the Wood illustrations were retained inside, the cover painting depicted the Fourth Doctor. Retaining the Achilleos cover, Strutton's book was translated into Dutch by M Hohage and issued as *Doctor Who en de Zarbis* by Unieboek BV Bussum in 1974. The Target paperback was reissued with a revised logo in August 1978. In 1986, Presenca published a Portuguese edition – *Doutor Who e os Zarbi* – adapted by Eduardo Nogueira and Conceicao Jardim with a cover by Rui Ligeiro. Retitled *Doctor Who: The Web Planet*, the most recent edition from Target in January 1991 used the Alister Pearson artwork from the BBC videotape.

of Needles, with Strutton's credit displayed against a Menoptra slave (extra Ken McGarvey in the Hrhoonda costume). At the moment where Hrostar kills a larvae gun, the gun operator emerged from the costume at the bottom of frame, allowing Gordon to then press the prop against the crater wall. This instalment introduced the Optera; four costumes were made, each incorporating three sets of arms (the actors' arms being in the lowest set). The 'Next Episode' caption was superimposed over a shot of the Zarbi surrounding a fleeing Barbara and Hrostar.

Entranced, Barbara (Jacqueline Hill) walks unseeing into the hands of the Menoptra

During the following week's rehearsals for *Invasion*, Russell was released for a day's filming for the subsequent serial, *The Crusade*, at Ealing on the Tuesday; likewise, Hill was absent on the Thursday. *Invasion* was recorded from 8.30pm on Friday 19; both Catherine Fleming and Ken McGarvey had been contracted to work on the episode, but were released when rewrites to the cliffhanger and its subsequent resolution eliminated their roles two days before taping. Originally, the final scene in the camera script for *Invasion* had the Doctor and Vicki simply being brought into the Zarbi HQ room and seeing the dome descending from the roof, with the Animus addressing them. The scene as transmitted, with the Doctor and Vicki being fired upon by the 'arm guns', only appears in the final script, which had been renamed *The Centre* on Monday 8 February 1965. The last scene, too, was different; originally, the Doctor commends Ian on his fastidiousness, saying that the least he can do is find somewhere that has neckties. Ian agrees, pointing out that Coal Hill School ties are black with green stripes.

The episode opened with part of the film sequence from the end of the previous episode; the title caption was shown over a shot of the temple door opening behind Barbara, with the writer credit then over a shot of the Doctor and Vicki in Zarbi HQ. A model of the shaft forming the roof to the Temple of Light was used for Barbara and the Doctor's views of the temple ceiling. Smoke was used in the Optera Tunnel sets to indicate the bad air; the set also incorporated polystyrene stalagmites and stalactites for the Optera to break and a ceiling trapdoor mechanism supporting the debris which Ian and Vrestin attempt to hold in place; a mirror was used to achieve an overhead shot of the digging party. A recording break after the reunion scenes in the temple allowed Hartnell and O'Brien to move to the Vortis set; another occurred before the spine gun fired, to allow the pair to be smothered with latex cobwebs. The 'Next Episode' caption was shown over a shot of the prone Doctor and Vicki.

During the lead-up to the final recording, Lambert sent Martin Terry Nation's scripts for the next Dalek serial, since Martin would helm this production in the coming months. Recording of *The Centre* was again scheduled to start late, at 9.30pm, but even so more problems in studio meant that the main taping over-ran the 10.45pm deadline by 15 minutes. There was a ten-minute delay at the start of the evening when it was realised there was no lead available for the cobweb gun, which was required for the opening shot; sound problems then necessitated a major retake.

Opening captions were shown over the filmed reprise of the Doctor and Vicki being smothered. As per *Invasion*, a water stream was used in studio on the underground chimney set, which was constructed like a ladder so that Russell could climbed it; another section of this was designed so that the artistes lay on their backs. Recording breaks were scheduled to allow the Zarbi Corridor set to be redressed and shot from various angles. The Web Centre set housed the spider-form of the Animus over a dome which pulsed with light; a kaleidoscope effect was used to show first the Doctor and Vicki's and later Barbara's view of the Animus. The tendrils of the Animus were wrapped around the cast off-camera. The Zarbi HQ set was redressed and used as another Carsenome chamber, seen as Barbara's party head for the Web Centre. Russell was able to enter the set from the rear as if through the floor. A smoke gun was used as the Animus died and the spider-form collapsed. There was a final recording break to remove the Police Box prop; the TARDIS dematerialisation was achieved by cross-fading between two caption slides taken earlier in the day. The closing caption, 'Next Episode: *The Lion*' was superimposed over a black background.

Broadcast of *Escape to Danger* on Saturday 27 February caused Jacqueline Hill concern. Throughout the first season, when a regular cast member had been absent from one episode, they had retained their on-screen credit; however, although Hill had been credited for *Escape to Danger* when closing roller graphics had been ordered on Friday 15 January, a decision had subsequently been taken to remove her credit. Hill complained formally about this on Monday 1 March, but her request to have the credit re-instated for overseas sales was not acted on.

After completing the studio recording, Martin departed on holiday, and the editing of the final episode was undertaken by Lambert; on Wednesday 10 March, the producer informed Martin that she had taken the decision to remove a model shot of the Carsenome entrance dissolving from the start of the final

Ian (William Russell) and the Doctor ponder upon their predicament

scene, explaining: "I thought nobody would know what was going on. It simply did not work."

By and large, *The Web Planet* was transmitted opposite the ITV *News*, overlapping shows such as *The Forest Rangers* (ATV/Southern) or *The Littlest Hobo* (ABC) and the pop music show *Thank Your Lucky Stars*. At first, ratings leaped up from the end of *The Romans*, with the first episode setting a new high of 13.5 million viewers; although this would drop as the story continued, every instalment numbered among the top 20 programmes for that week. However, although the Audience Appreciation began well, the reception fell rapidly, descending below the 50 mark for the first time – and the final episode set a new low of 42. An Audience Research Report on *The Centre* was prepared on Friday 23 April 1965, with 422 people commenting on the programme. Many people were pleased with the serial's conclusion, while others felt that the ideas had run out. The far-fetched action had confused some viewers, children had been critical of the costumes and the blurred lens work had "made watching a bit uncomfortable"; there was, however, praise for De Winter's choreography.

Peter Black of the *Daily Mail* criticised the serial on Monday 15 February: "The heroes are the dullest quartet in fiction . . . the attraction is the ancient one of watching people who are dafter than yourself." Patrick Skene Catling, writing in *Punch* on Wednesday 24, described it as being guilty of "ludicrous bathos" while Bill Edmund, in the Thursday 4 March edition of *The Stage and Television Today*, called the "distorted lighting effects" as "pointless and annoying". On Monday 5 April, *The Scotsman*'s Peggie Phillips declared the serial a flop.

The Friday 19 February edition of BBC1's *Junior Point of View* broadcast comments from younger viewers, ranging from a description of the story as "exciting and hair-raising" to complaints about the "pointless, noisy, bleeping" of the Zarbi. By Friday 12 March, one viewer was moved to condemn the Zarbi as "a load of toffee". In an attempt to placate younger viewers, some puppet Zarbi made by one Mr Giles were also shown.

The serial was sold to various overseas territories, including: Australia, where it was first screened early in 1966; Gibraltar, Singapore, Nigeria and Zambia, also in 1966; Venezuela, Sierra Leone, Barbados, Mauritius and Mexico (where it was shown as *Doctor Misterio*, with episode titles including *El Planet Misterioso*) in 1967; New Zealand, Iran, Chile and the Dominican Republic in 1968; Jamaica in 1969; Ethiopia in 1971; and Nigeria (again) in 1973. Overseas payments to Strutton were generally made under the title *Dr Who and the Webbed Planet*. For countries such as Venezuela and Iran which did not purchase *The Crusade* but did buy the subsequent *The Space Museum*, the closing caption to *The Centre* was amended to read 'Next Episode: *The Space Museum*'.

> **'I clearly remember the Zarbi. That was all a bit of a disaster . . .'**
>
> **William Russell**

On Thursday 17 August 1967, the 405-line master tapes of *The Zarbi*, *Escape to Danger* and *Invasion* were cleared for erasure, although the BBC Archives retained a 16mm film recording of *The Zarbi*; the remaining three episodes were wiped on Friday 31 January 1969. In 1978, it was confirmed that BBC Enterprises retained 16mm prints of all six episodes, but its copy of *The Centre* bore the 'Next Episode: *The Space Museum*' caption and *The Web Planet*'s opening reprise was missing. A complete and unedited set of prints were, however, located in Nigeria in October 1984 and returned to the BBC. In 1984, *The Web Planet* was syndicated in the US both in episodic form and as an 141 minute-long TV movie.

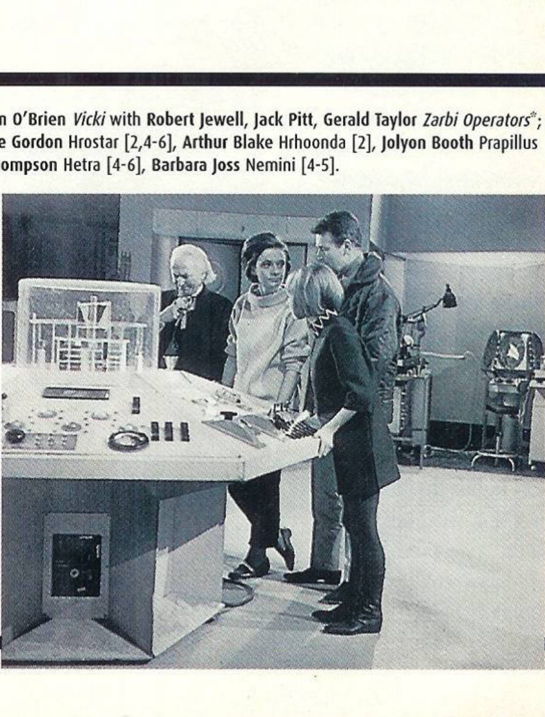
Satellite channel BSB screened *The Web Planet* between July and September 1990, and in September 1990 BBC Video issued a slightly edited version (with the end of *The Centre* taken from the US TV movie version) as a twin cassette pack with a cover by Alister Pearson. UK Gold screened the serial in episodic form in December 1992, with a compilation version first aired that same month. DWM

SERIAL N THE WEB PLANET

CAST **William Hartnell** *Dr Who*, **William Russell** *Ian Chesterton*, **Jacqueline Hill** *Barbara Wright* [1-2,4-6] and **Maureen O'Brien** *Vicki* with **Robert Jewell, Jack Pitt, Gerald Taylor** *Zarbi Operators**; **Hugh Lund, Kevin Manser, John Scott Martin** Zarbi Operators [2-6]*; The Menoptra: **Roslyn de Winter** Vrestin [2-6], **Arne Gordon** Hrostar [2,4-6], **Arthur Blake** Hrhoonda [2], **Jolyon Booth** Prapillus [4-6], **Jocelyn Birdall** Hlynia [4-6], **Martin Jarvis** Hilio [4-6]; **Catherine Fleming** Animus voice [2-4,6]; The Optera: **Ian Thompson** Hetra [4-6], **Barbara Joss** Nemini [4-5].
*Billed as 'The Zarbi' from *Escape to Danger*

EXTRAS **Ken McGarvey** Slave Menoptra; **Len Russell, Jane Bowman** Optera Guards; **Ken McGarvey** Menoptra.

CREDITS Written by **Bill Strutton**. Insect movement by **Roslyn de Winter** [2-6]. Title music by **Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. Film Cameraman **Peter Hamilton***. Film Editor **Gitta Zadek***. Costumes supervised by **Daphne Dare**†. Make-up supervised by **Sonia Markham**†. Lighting **Ralph Walton**†. Sound **Ray Angel**†. Story Editor **Dennis Spooner**. Designer **John Wood**. Producer **Verity Lambert**. Directed by **Richard Martin**.
*Credited on *The Web Planet* and *Crater of Needles*. Gitta Zadek mis-spelled 'Gita Zadek' on *The Web Planet*
†Credited on *The Centre* only



ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (Chart pos)	App index
The Web Planet	13 February 1965	5.40-6.05pm	23'57"	13.5M (7th)	56%
The Zarbi	20 February 1965	5.40-6.05pm	23'20"	12.5M (12th)	53%
Escape to Danger	27 February 1965	5.40-6.05pm	22'52"	12.5M (11th)	53%
Crater of Needles	6 March 1965	5.40-6.05pm	25'50"	13.0M (9th)	49%
Invasion	13 March 1965	5.40-6.05pm	26'04"	12.0M (12th)	48%
The Centre	20 March 1965	5.55-6.20pm	24'32"	12.0M (14th)	42%

Shelf Life

With **Vanessa Bishop**

MYTH MAKERS 47: DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE 20TH BIRTHDAY

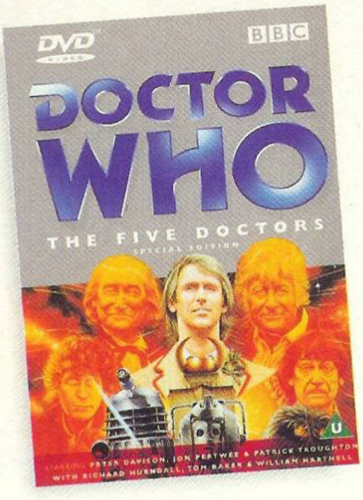
Reeltime Pictures
£16.99

To heavily misquote *The Ark in Space*: "**DWM** – what an enduring, inventive publication. It's only 20 years since it first appeared on the news-stands and offered its free transfers – a weekly 12p comic. It's survived title changes, Doctors and a seemingly endless *War of the Worlds* strip adaptation. It's survived the show's cancellation and dashed comebacks. And now, here it sits, in the glare of the *Myth Makers* camera, waiting to begin a new millennium. Ready for its close-up. It's indomitable . . . indomitable."

So runs the tone of this potted **DWM** history. Captured at the October Birthday Bash, original editor, Dez Skinn, recounts how Marvel secured and launched the title with the promotional assistance of Tom Baker. Editors and contributors such as Jeremy Bentham, Andrew Pixley, Gary Russell and Gary Gillatt chart its shift from news-based product to reference work to its current mix. A vox pops format includes the opinions of the event's attendees, too.

This tape would be recommended if it didn't briefly feature the dizzy kipper who writes this column. D'you think, Mr Director, we could go for that take again?

DOCTOR WHO: THE FIVE DOCTORS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A picture of unrivalled clarity – but a release which just as clearly sidesteps a new format's potential.

Forgive *Shelf Life* just this once for partially ducking its responsibilities to review a release on its artistic merits – for this is *The Five Doctors*, and has been round the block more times than the Myrka's had fish suppers. Transmitted in 1983, repeated in 1984, released on video (both in VHS and Betamax formats) in 1985, on VHS again in 1990, yet again as a 1995 *Special Edition* – and now one more time in 1999, retaining the alternate SE edit but making the leap from videotape to Digital Versatile Disc.

Choosing The Five Doctors as the first Doctor Who DVD is as obvious as screening The Wizard of Oz at Christmas

So, little of the story here. Suffice to say it's the 20th anniversary adventure known universally as *The One With 'Em All In* – a simple tale easily enjoyed while your brain's down the pub. As a first release, it's as obvious as screening *The Wizard of Oz* at Christmas, and aptly so; whisking all and sundry into Gallifrey's Death Zone, Terrance Dicks' plot is interchangeable with that Judy Garland classic.

The focus this time has to be the new DVD format – and what it can give fans of *Doctor Who*. DVD offers transmission-quality pictures; as with a music CD, the information is read by a laser, avoiding the gradual deterioration VHS tapes suffer from VCR heads. Even so, what's confirmed DVD as the format of film buffs and collectors are its extras – supplementary features accessed via an on-screen menu. Sadly, compared to modern movie product, *The Five Doctors'* extras are limited, restricted to dividing the story into 24 bite-sized chunks, or chapters, all of which can be instantly accessed and viewed independently. Following a tumbling, CGI Police Box, *The Five Doctors'* menu is displayed on four of the six panels of a CGI TARDIS console.

The first available option is subtitles in a selection of languages. English subtitles can, if viewed with friends, induce *Five Doctors* karaoke. But this is no fun at all in comparison with negotiating *The Five Doctors* in French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese and Dutch text. Switching to the *Scene selection* panel and choosing *Chapter 16: The scrolls*, the Castellan's infamous rejection of the mind probe can be revealed in Spanish as "*¡No! ¡La sonda cerebral no!*" but best, and most complicatedly, in Dutch as "*Nee, niet de gedachtenonderzoeker.*"

Returning to the main menu, selecting *Special music* spins the viewer to

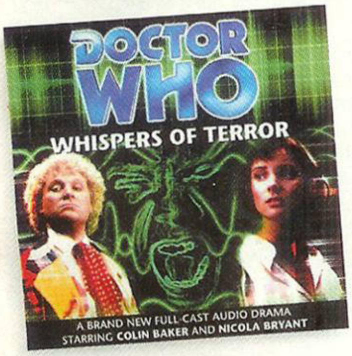
Three of *The Five Doctors* in the Tomb of Rassilon. "*Gedachtenonder*-what?"

another panel. As with the programme, Peter Howell's music suite is divided into passages. Choosing any of the eight replaces the console room with the *Doctor Who* logo, distracting a less thoughtful ear. For more group fun, matching the images to the music can whittle away, ooh . . . minutes. And if, after that, actually watching the story feels like yesterday's pastime, you can wow at the freeze-frame and giggle at how a DVD's fast-forward lends the actors a style of comic movement similar to the Clangers.

But future releases, whatever they may be, could, and should, be better. A standard DVD is capable of holding six hours' information. Other discs use this space to offer the supplementary features mentioned earlier – documentaries, cast biographies, out-takes, unused footage etc. To take *The Five Doctors* as an example, this could have been a chance to present the interviews given by Peter Davison and Patrick Troughton on *Breakfast Time* and *Nationwide*, the latter joined by Jon Pertwee. Let's not forget the lengthy *Blue Peter* segment featuring Richard Hurndall as the First Doctor, the story's trailer and perhaps, with permission sought, text pieces – like the commentary from director Peter Moffat in *The Fifth Doctor Handbook*, or an *Archive* from **DWM**'s Andrew Pixley, both illustrated with relevant footage instead of stills. And why not a virtual *Radio Times Doctor Who 20th Anniversary Special*, its photographs now 60-second sequences promoting possible future releases?

Unfortunately, choosing a milestone such as *The Five Doctors* only reinforces the opportunities missed – but it's only a beginning. *Shelf Life* hopes it won't be long before another crowd-pleaser will offer extras on all six TARDIS console panels.

DOCTOR WHO: WHISPERS OF TERROR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Sapphire and Steel-esque ghost story which shouts its superior quality.

Talk about doing exactly what it says on the tin! Set entirely within the Museum of Aural Antiquities, 'audio drama' describes more than just *Whispers of Terror*'s format. The cast are essentially doing the same as we are, sharing our position as listeners. They may pull up a chair or run down a corridor, but, like us to *Whispers of Terror* itself, are an audience hearing a recording – in this case, the curiously re-edited speeches of politician Visteen Krane. And, more notably, the cacophony of noise which ruptures uninvited from the air around them.

Technically exemplary, Whispers of Terror is a tight, enclosed and dimly-lit Horror of Fang Rock sort of gig

At first this is strangely disconcerting. In adjusting to audio *Doctor Who*, the mind is prone to conjure up images corresponding to every sound heard. Employing such a tactic with *Whispers* would set the head spinning. You'd be lost, swimming against a wall of noise, frustrated that no character was conveniently informing you, 'Look! It's got two eyes, a head curiously like a Natterjack toad, a body covered with pectoral fins and it's climbing down that gantry ladder to your left!' *Whispers*' trick is to get you to abandon this line, and – once you've accepted that the sound it presents you with is simply *sound* – demands little work from the listener.

There are shades of *The Deadly Assassin* in Justin Richards' plot, in that the sudden death of Visteen Krane leaves a question over whom he would have announced as his successor. Yet for half its run, it isn't *Doctor Who* which the play brings to mind, but rather ATV's sublimely obscure *Sapphire and Steel* – specifically their second adventure, the one in the railway station, in which the two time detectives investigate the tortured ghost of a First World War soldier. With daringly few visuals for television, the phantom's presence was made unforgettable through sound; at first a heartbreaking whistle, then an evocation of war. *Whispers* follows suit, a ghost story made *Doctor Who*-ish through the use of technology and a don't-look-too-closely premise which fudges the matter of exactly how its spectral creature came into being.

Although perhaps less instantly gratifying than *Phantasmagoria*, and certainly smaller on pantomime, *Whispers of Terror* likewise causes one to question whether TV *Doctor Who* was ever this good. Mimicking the series' pattern, the first episode is its strongest, the first cliffhanger the story's defining moment. The gradual demystification of its creature slowly erases the story's ability to inspire fear, but this is the price of *Doctor Who*'s mandate to explain the odd, as opposed to *Sapphire and Steel*'s mission to embrace it.

The CD sleevenotes explain Justin Richards' wish to create a story that just couldn't be done in the same way on television, or within a novel. Well, half right, I think. Sure, it's an audio about audio, and would have left effects designers idle as a visual piece – it certainly couldn't have inspired a display case at a *Doctor Who* Exhibition. Yet, of the three Big Finish productions, *Whispers* is the most like TV *Doctor Who*. Whereas *The Sirens of Time* hit the ball so far out of the stadium it joined an orbit, this plays like a tight, four-set, dimly-lit, tiny cast, book-balancing, economy-driven adventure which recognises its own limitations, then feasts upon them. Sealed within the museum, populated by characters of dangerous ambition, and restricted to recording booths and sound libraries, it's a *Horror of Fang Rock* kind of gig; as blessed as we are with that story's visuals, if it only existed as a soundtrack, we wouldn't have lost too much.

Technically, *Whispers* is exemplary. The layers of sound effected for the creature alone illustrate the talent involved. Both Colin Baker and Richards hit the Sixth Doctor with a bullseye, Colin's every intonation appearing as trademark. Nicola Bryant's accent is softer, but she's perhaps given too many solo asides that, although fine on screen, engage the listener abruptly here. And finally there's Peter Miles, cast interestingly against Nyder type.

Cum on, feel the noize!

AUTON 3

Video BBV **Featuring** The Autons and UNIT **RRP** £16 **Cat No** BBV18 **Available** Now [mail order only - see ads for details]

Effects-laden but nonetheless disappointing climax to the independently-produced Auton trilogy.

UNIT operative Lockwood is hunted, pursued by all sides for an artefact which sits in his skull. Continuing a story arc shamelessly cribbed from *The X Files*, *Auton 3* is an addendum to a trilogy which perhaps attained maximum effect a story too early.

Muddled by an opening sequence which reshuffles unconnected scenes from its prequels, Arthur Wallis' script suffers through having to prolong the mysteries of Lockwood for a further 55 minutes, making what had been a vague subplot in previous tapes into the story's main focus. When *Auton* was first conceived, questioning authority was all the rage in science fiction. Tying the stories to this fad has always been BBV's mistake – and now, stretching the idea into a third year, the premise feels tired and overly familiar. Furthermore, dispensing with *Auton 2*'s zippy direction and showy editing, this chapter is a sluggish one, displaying little of its precursor's verve and none of its clarity. Are we watching another Auton invasion or a human rebellion? Are the empty streets an indication that the invasion has happened, or simply an indication of how early the BBV team had to get up in the morning to shoot these scenes?

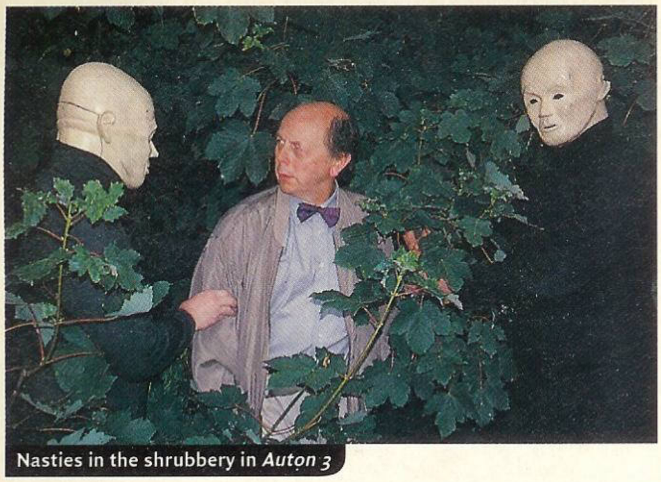
FAMILIAR FACES, NEW ADVENTURES: ZYGONS: ABSOLUTION & KRYNOIDS: ROOT OF ALL EVIL

BBV Productions £13.99

In the audio medium, where *Doctor Who*'s monster greats can be revived at no more expense than the price of a good ring-modulator, we should remember the lessons of *Warriors of the Deep* and the adage about the road to Hell being paved with good intentions.

Monsters are one-trick ponies, fulfilling the specifics of their individual stories, offering only repetition beyond them. There are exceptions, but the Krynoid isn't one of them. Give it a garden makeover show and it'll only eat the presenters. Beneath contemporary references to BSE, GM foods, X Files and websites, *Root of all Evil* is a pod-popping *Seeds of Doom*-by-numbers hash dulled considerably in its journey to a Yorkshire farm. Very nearly compost.

Zygons: Absolution, by comparison, is the main feature, the whispering lug-heads striking some distance between their television original by effecting an invasion from outside, rather than beneath, their desired planet. Guest artiste Peter Miles, with fevered scripture quoting, summons another performance of unparalleled, batty fruitcakeness. Better.



Nasties in the shrubbery in *Auton 3*

Visually, *Auton 3* stands proud. Courtesy of CGI, it displays impressive deep space satellites and, as its centrepiece, a majestic Nestene creature looking rather like a titanic chocolate octopus, its crown drizzled with purple custard. But – and you knew there was going to be one – there's not one shot as memorable as *Auton 2*'s solitary church-top Nestene manifestation. The reasons are probably many – not least how quickly the viewer becomes anaesthetised to such effects – but principally because the CGI was only a third of the total effect. It was *Auton 2*'s script which contributed most, lending the Nestene creature a greater sense of place, timing and occasion. On the other hand, its greater screen presence reveals the Nestene to possess a solitary eye; this is mesmeric, mostly because it's the single most suggestive addition to any *Doctor Who* monster since the Creature from the Pit put out a tentative pseudopodium.

> **It's readily apparent that the Autons themselves could easily be substituted for any other alien menace**

Throughout this series, it's become steadily apparent that the Autons themselves could have been easily substituted for another menace. Similar could be argued of their two TV appearances, but since those stories never strayed far from their relation to plastics industries and the animation of lifeless objects, they had a platform on which to work their terror – a platform which all three Auton plays have barely acknowledged. Perhaps, then, it isn't so surprising that it's taken BBV so long to replay that infamous march down the High Street. The Auton trilogy hasn't been about them, its been about Lockwood.

To admit that I'd awaited *Auton 3* for the next appearance of UNIT's isolation team leader wouldn't be far from the truth. Tall, terse, possessing the charm of a dental surgery, Michael Wade's Lockwood has been by far the trilogy's most valuable asset. How inexplicable, then, that *Auton 3* should choose to so reduce Wade's charismatic performance; his sharp ripostes have now slowed to around two words per minute, delivering lines as if shunted into reverse. Although the script dictates that his brain is being stirred by a cosmic spoon, I doubt the idea was worth the waste of this character. Unfortunately, Lockwood's fading with a whimper coincides with George Telfer's evil Winslet at his world-conquering best. In isolation, Telfer is superb, but he now appears alone in remembering he's in a *Doctor Who* spin-off, and comes across as a fish out of water by way of contrast to the others, who seem to think they're taking part in an X File.

Inferior to the stylish second, grander than the first, *Auton 3* spoils itself by investing all its characters with muddied loyalties, unexplained motives and too many mysteries. Uptight and overcomplicated, had it only continued the more instinctive storytelling of its second chapter, then it might have proved more fulfilling. **DWM**

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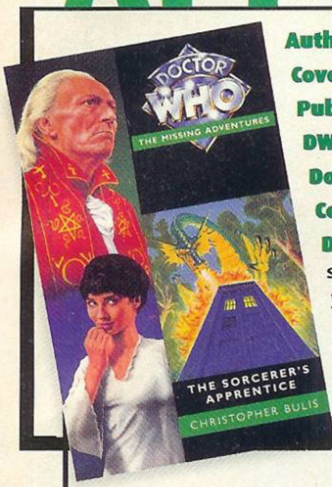
THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

compiled by **Matt Wicks**



Author Christopher Bulis

Cover Artwork Paul Campbell

Publication July 1995

DWM review 228

Doctor First

Companions Susan, Ian and Barbara

Dates Just over one week c 2991 (*A History of the Universe* suggests c 3025). In local terms, it is 846 AL or June in the 14th year of the reign of Magnus III

Locations Avalon; the ISS *Prince Randolph*

Mind the gap Occurs between *Marco Polo* and *The Keys of Marinus* (a dubious gap made possible by Ian and the Doctor retaining their clothes from Serial D)

The plot in 25 words Ian becomes a knight, Barbara goes "night night", Susan plays hairdresser and the Doctor has a wizardly battle to save a world of fabulous nanobots.

New friends From Avalon: Marton Dhal (the eponymous apprentice and bad wizard); Gramling (the sorcerer's master); Bron of Westhold (brave knight); Kilvenny Odoyle (Leprechaun); Alammar (winsome Elf); Thurguld Thongarson (Dwarf); Princess Melissa (Nineties Rapunzel); and the wonderfully-named witch Anni Glassfeather. From Earth: Shannon, the Special Services Directorate's man, and his team, including doubting doctor Jen Komati.

> **"A well-written, intelligent book. Despite the leprechauns"** *Shelf Life, DWM 228*

Other voyages The Doctor met Houdini in the United States (Susan appears to have been there too). He has visited Ireland more than once.

Along for the ride Susan claims that her people can drink as much as they like, and don't get drunk (except by choice). In a few years' time, when she passes into her "first maturation" and masters her body fully, she will be able to get by on a minimal amount of sleep. She has visited London Zoo.

Barbara is a fan of both Jane Austen and PG Wodehouse.

Rough guide Long ago, the original inhabitants of Avalon created a device to protect them from the meteors that pounded their planet. Two thousand years ago, they used this device to explode a nearby star for artistic reasons, thereby creating the nebula which can be seen from the planet. Horrified, they became the cephlies, too scared to use the power. They were also responsible for the mentally-controlled nanobots which swarm across the planet, turning thoughts into reality. On 28 September 2145, Earth colonists arrived (it is from this date that the Avalon calendar begins; AL stands for 'After Landfall'). The colonists' religious zeal caused the nanobots to create gods who battled each other. One colonist used the Helm (a mental amplifier) to erase all religion from the colonists and replace it with ideas based on his favourite (fantasy) books. Future generations remembered the gods only as Ice Giants who were driven into the north by Merlin during the Cold Years. Today Avalon is populated by fantastic creatures, including: dragons (fen-dwelling and freshwater guivres, two-legged lindworms, eagle-like Wyverns with leathery wings and the fully-grown fire-heralds with a sting in their tails); Dwarves, Elves; Goblins; Leprechauns; rocs (giant birds), gryphons; vampire bats; giant boars; bogies (shapeshifters); singing crabs; mermaids and mermen; elementals; kraken; will-o'-the-wisps; fairies; and fire sprites.

The main country is called Elbyon, which has an ocean to the north-west. It is divided into four 'Shares', with Glazebry (where the King's palace is) at the point where they all meet. Fluxford is in the South Share, with the Circular Sea at its base, reached via Fluxmouth Port. On its western border is Raven's Tor, were Dhal lives. The Circular Sea is land-locked on all sides except the east, where it opens into an ocean. In the centre of the Sea are the Shadow Isles, including Helm Island. Thule and Borea lie to the north. Other areas of interest are: the Crystal Forest of Glissandor (every leaf and plant is sculpted from glass, and can cut the unwary traveller); the Great Fountain of Largos (ten times a day a fountain of water shoots into the air, falling back to earth as snow and ice); and the River Dellberry (which flows through itself).

The original colony ship left Earth during "the 22nd century Diaspora" when many colonists were sent out, and many ships disappeared. Fifty years ago, 'body-bepple' (changing body shapes) was a fad, but it faded after the city riots [see NA *Original Sin*]. Earth is still the heart of an Empire, ruled by an Empress with a Special Services Directorate and an Interstellar Court of Justice, but it is fading fast (it has become too big and indolent). Ships have not really been updated since the days of the Imperial Landsknechte and the various military services have fragmented [*Original Sin* again]. Many systems have recently become independent, new alliances are forming and other empires are waiting for the chance to pounce [*The Mutants*].

Aldebaran has red celery.

Other notes Armstrong Transolar Aerospace had a branch (or perhaps a head office) in Empire City, Tycho on Luna in 2976.

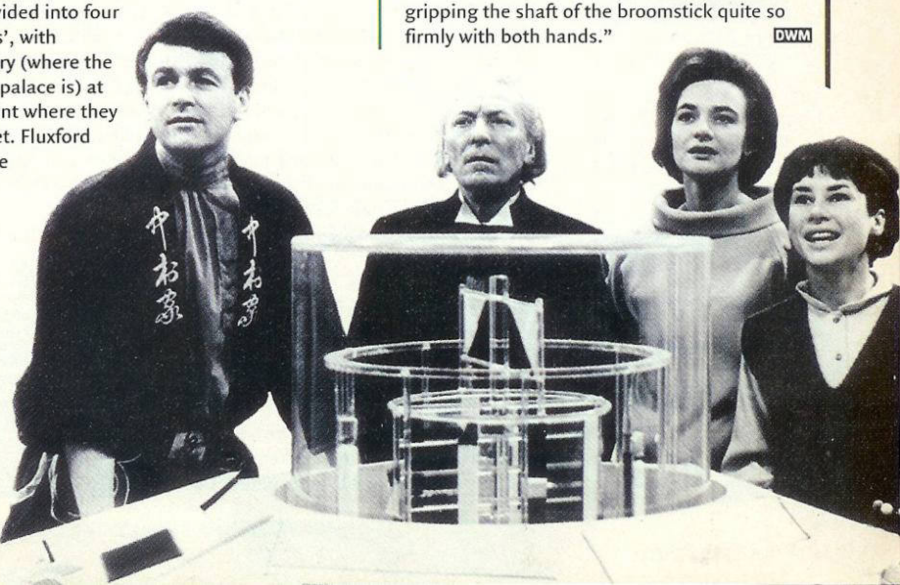
Flying spells are the most difficult.

Many of the names are corruptions (Elbyon = Albion, Glazebry = Glastonbury).

Inside the TARDIS The TARDIS defence systems activate if there is a danger of something harmful getting into the TARDIS, sealing off the lock with an electrical charge.

Quotable quotes "She found herself reading an account of how King Arthur defeated the Nazi Armada off the coast of Cornwall with the aid of Merlin's remarkable, but unexplained, 'Atome Fire'."

"Barbara would have pinched herself to check if she was dreaming, if she had not been gripping the shaft of the broomstick quite so firmly with both hands."



THE TIME TEAM

» Four viewers. 696 episodes. 297 hours. No escape. «

Clayton

Jac

Peter

Richard

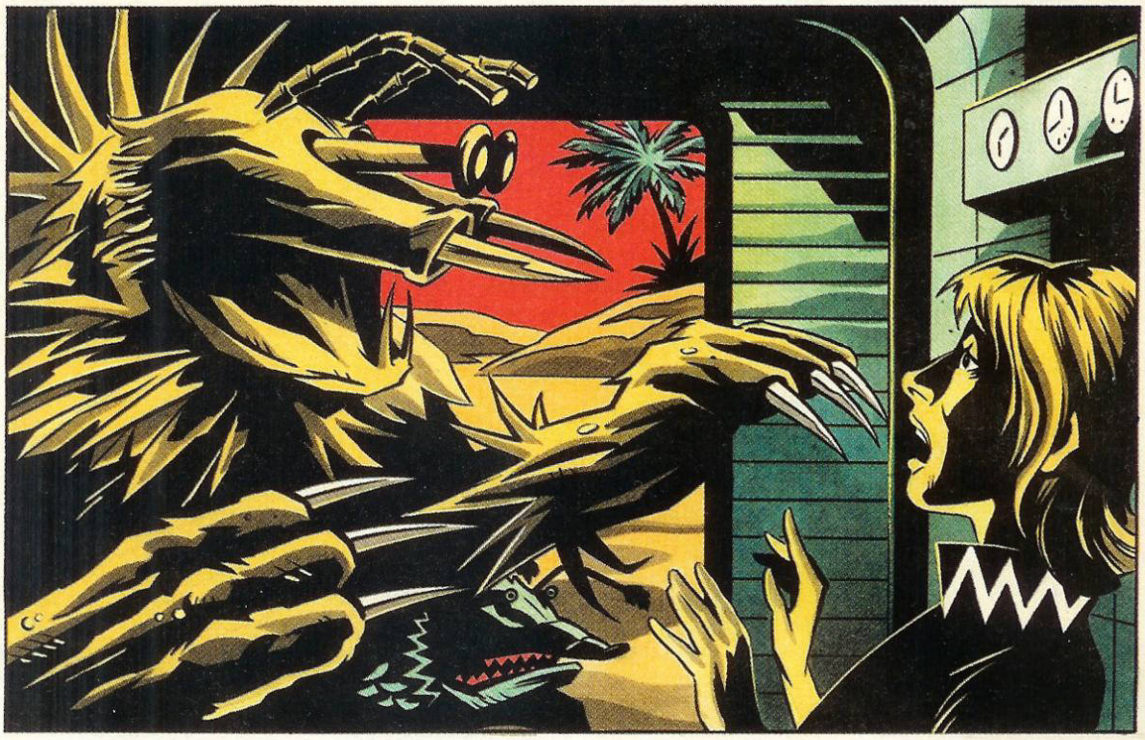


Illustration: Adrian Salmon

EPISODES 049 TO 056

We're at Richard's house in Kent on a freezing Saturday. Jac and Clayton are late. "Perhaps they've run away together," suggests Peter, "inspired by the moving romance of David Campbell and Susan." "Ah, but you forget," replies Richard, "one of them is spoken for, and going out with a man who looks just like Paul McGann."

It's at that moment Jac arrives, alas without her Eighth Doctor lookee-likey beau. Clayton is just minutes behind. There's no time to waste – it's *The End of Tomorrow*, and an unconvincing double for William Hartnell has just fainted upon catching sight of a Dalek firebomb. Elsewhere, Barbara and Jenny – Balaclava Wearer of the Year 2150 winner – are off to the Dalek mine in a dustbin van. "The use of the Transport Museum is a clever way of explaining why they drive around London in a 1960s vehicle," notes Clay. "But really, a dust cart? Why not a nippy little Lotus? I can just see them as the post-apocalyptic Thelma and Louise."

"Oh! Oh!" shouts a jiggling Jac. "The best and worst moments of the series so far there! Barbara runs over the Daleks in a truck – so fab! – and then a flying button invades the Earth."

She soon changes the subject. "I wonder if the Daleks have something about scantily-clad men? First the Thals, and now this bare-chested work party."

"No, that's just you," chips back a smiling Clay.

The terrifying Slyther arrives to menace Ian and Larry in a bucket. "That's the Black Dalek's 'pet', apparently. Do you think he has goldfish and kittens too? And it's not very accurately named, is it? More of a 'Wobble' or a 'Tremble' than a Slyther."

"A Crumple," suggests Peter.

"A Rustle," tries Clay.

"No, he plays Ian," chimes Jac, with perfect timing.

The penultimate episode promises a *Waking Ally*, and everyone decides to watch for one. But the shambles that is the Slyther remains popular. "I see he's had a coat of paint between episodes and acquired some boogly eyes into the bargain. It's quite sweet really, and I'm sure it doesn't deserve Ian's frenzied brick attack and a plunge down a cliff. It even says 'Aaghh' as it falls, poor thing. Bet the Black Dalek's inconsolable." (This is Clayton, if you hadn't guessed.)

Soon there is real horror. "Now that's just downright disturbing – the nastiest death scene so far," says Peter. "Larry being shot with dozens of machine-gun bullets as he kills his robotised brother with his bare hands is surely too nasty for family viewing?" Richard: "I notice that Richard Martin has suddenly taken to shooting the Daleks from floor level. It's a nice trick, making them far more menacing." Clay: "And the Black Dalek has his own tiny room to sit in, waiting for a dramatic moment to make an impressive entrance. That's the third time, now."

"I do declare," says Peter. "That's the very first time that a Dalek says 'Exterminate'." Everyone is unduly thrilled by this.

The Doctor, Susan and co are underground. Clayton: "Look at how Hartnell is the only one of them who reacts to their being in a decrepit sewer by pretending it stinks. The others don't bother making any sort of effort."

By the end of the episode, Ian is trapped inside a Dalek bomb and Barbara is with the Daleks. But no ally has awoken, and the episode promised us one. The boys can't work it out. "It's obvious!" chimes Jac. "'The waking ally' is the Doctor, who woke up at the start of the episode!" Much moaning ensues.

The final instalment promises, and delivers, a *Flashpoint*. First, Ian escapes the bomb – "What bombs come with space to hide inside them and a trap door?" asks Clay – and sets about diverting its path. He still hasn't unbuttoned his jacket at any point in his quest to save the Earth. "Such style!" says Peter. "He even straightens his tie before he sets to wrestle with perhaps the biggest explosive in history."

Upstairs, Barbara is blinding the Daleks with, um, history. The robots will be stopped by the Indian Mutiny and the Boston Tea Party, she claims. Richard's laughing. "Barbara's teaching background really comes to the fore here and as an idea, it works brilliantly well. Jackie Hill really milks the scene for all it's worth, making the Daleks look like

CLICHÉ COUNTERS

Deaths on screen so far	00055
One or more regulars rendered unconscious	00023
One or more regulars incarcerated	00024

idiots." Alas, the plan fails when a Dalek sucker grabs the teacher by the coccyx.

Peter's loving it all. "What a fantastic image!" he gushes. "The Dalek's-eye view as it approaches the defiant Doctor. Doctor Who and the Daleks. The stuff of which legends are made!"

The Dalek mine is soon destroyed in a blizzard of stock footage. Our heroes return to London. Disaster averted, Ian relaxes enough to undo his jacket. But – oh! – Susan's off with David!

Richard: "I can't say I'm that bothered to see her go. She's added very little to the series apart from doing a lot of shrieking and whining. Ian and Barbara are far more interesting characters."

Jac: "This final scene lets me forgive most of the story. It's very lovely, but I'm not sure what to think about Susan's departure. She's had a brief flirtation which the Doctor's barely seen and, apart from a few moments in *The Sensorites*, has shown little inclination to leave the TARDIS, or to stand on her own two feet.

"All the same, the Doctor's being very selfless. He doesn't want Susan to leave, he's doing what he thinks is best. I don't agree with him, but in some ways it's admirable."

Peter's sniffing. "I'm alright," he says. "There's just . . . something in my eye, that's all."

There's a sense of change in the air, and today's eight episodes showcase a very definite shift in the series' mood and style. Story editor Dennis Spooner is the new kid on the block, and everyone notices the difference.

Time for part one of *The Rescue – The Powerful Enemy*. Clay: "The TARDIS crew are in full, jolly, Give-a-Show-Projector mode in their early scenes, with Hartnell giggling and scampering around in his new cravat. Even the scene where he mourns Susan's departure is lovely, with Babs expertly defusing the situation."

Jac: "This is a fab episode. Witty dialogue, drama, and the Doctor's a lovely, jolly old man. This is where you really start to believe that people would choose to travel with him voluntarily."

We meet little Vicki – "Like a breath of fresh air!"; "So enthusiastic and vibrant!" – who's trapped in a wrecked spaceship on the planet Dido with the brusque Bennett and controlled by the cocky Koquillion. But by the second episode, *Desperate Measures*, things are revealed to be more complicated than they seem . . . but first, Barbara has a pet to murder. Clay: "Oh no! So soon after the Slyther and Barbara's gone and shot Sandy the Sand Beast. And Sandy says 'Aargh' as he dies, too. It's heartbreaking stuff."

Yet more praise for the new, softer, Doctor from Peter: "When he comforts Vicki it shows how far we've come from the 'crotchety old man' of before. That character no longer exists. Here, he's everybody's favourite grandfather – friend and confidante to children."

And there's praise for a new friend, too. Clay: "Vicki gets better and better. Her reaction to Sandy's death is every inch the reaction of an upset teenager, lashing out at Barbara and breaking down into tears. It's so strange and yet so wonderful to see a character behave in a recognisably normal, human way."

It turns out Bennett was Koquillion all along. "It's a bit of a *Scooby-Doo* plot this one, isn't it?" observes Richard. "Apart from the regulars, the only two other characters we've met are Vicki and the rather grumpy Bennett, so it's a bit obvious who's behind Koquillion's mask. 'If it wasn't for those pesky time-travellers, my plan would have worked!'"

"But the transformation of the Doctor into the main hero of the series is complete," adds Peter. "He's solved the mystery and defeated Bennett without any help from his companions."

Clay is in agreement. "Not only is the Doctor's big meeting with Koquillion exquisitely directed, but it's the first of the famous Doctor/villain showdowns, where our hero faces up to the baddie alone, with just his wits to protect him. Excellent stuff!"

Oops. The TARDIS has landed again – and fallen straight off a cliff, into *The Romans*. We rejoin our heroes living the life of Riley in a lovely villa. The episode is *The Slave Traders*. Richard: "The opening half of the episode is wonderfully constructed, allowing the travellers time to relax and enjoy their surroundings. It's good to be reminded that they aren't always immediately falling into adventures the moment they land."

Down in the market, the girls have caught the eye of someone less-than-savoury. "See, even the slave traders have taken an uncommon shine to Barbara," chuckles Clay. "It's not just me who's obsessed . . ."

The Doctor and Vicki take their leave of a very frisky and frolicsome Ian and Barbara, and set off on the road to Rome. "Ahh, how sweet!" coos Richard. "The Doctor and Vicki are holding hands as they walk along the road. He seems to be viewing Vicki as a substitute Susan more and more." The episode's spell is broken only by Peter's inability to leave his work at home. "Maximus Pettulian is in dire need of new dentures," he tuts . . .

All Roads Lead to Rome gets off to a flying start as the Doctor fends off a rampant assassin. "That's the third story in a row that the Doctor's got physical," says Peter. "Look at him! He *loves* it! He can't get enough of it! Hartnell – man of action!"

The ongoing farce – whereby the Doctor and Vicki continue to just miss meeting up with the enslaved Barbara – proves popular with the Team. "It's a long way from the Daleks devastating the Earth to the Doctor and his comedy lyre escapades and yet only a handful of episodes have passed," says Clay. "It almost feels like a different series."

Richard, however, is slightly more interested by what's happening to the fourth of the gang of travellers – now that he's been sold into slavery, shipwrecked and about to be forced to battle lions in a dusty arena: "It's interesting to see how Ian carries virtually all of the drama in this story. The Doctor and Vicki's adventures, and to some degree Barbara's, are fairly lightweight compared to Ian's scenes."

Miss Wright's natural magnetism comes to prominence once more in the third instalment, *Conspiracy*: "That Barbara magic again. All the slave buyers, and now the Emperor Nero!" chortles Jac. Clay is not entirely without misgivings, however: "This new, fast and comic style removes much of the emotional heart that the series has possessed so far. There's no real menace, just a series of rollicking 'adventures' with the regulars. Odd, but not without its merits. It's hardly *Marco Polo*, though." Nonetheless, Jac finds a later development – Nero commanding his slave Tigilinus to drink from a poisoned goblet – quite shocking: "Despite the comedy, Nero's casual cruelty here does make it much more tense."

So, with Ian's gladiatorial career looking ready to be abruptly curtailed at the behest of Rome's deranged emperor, the Team come to the end of another session – and they're united in their approval of one particular new arrival. Maureen O'Brien's Vicki has clearly been the hit of the evening. "Vicki has quickly established herself as the template for companions to come," says Peter, summing up. "She's wide-eyed, full of admiration for the Doctor and asks all the right questions to develop the story."

Ah, bless – he's clearly smitten . . . DWM

'Look at the Doctor getting physical! He *loves* it! Hartnell – man of action!' *Peter*

AND YOU SAID . . .

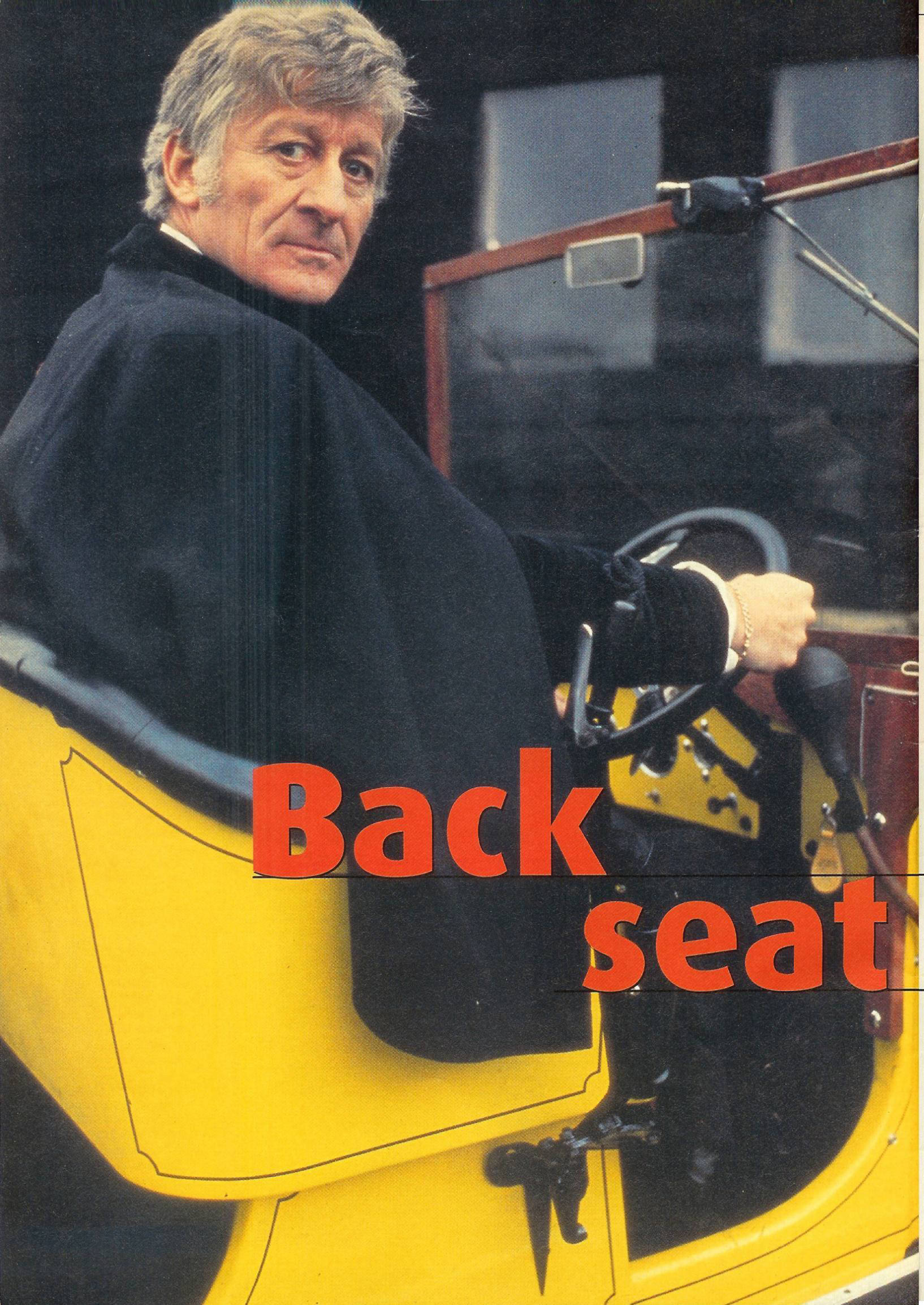
The End Of Tomorrow
"As someone who spent the first 25 years of my life in Edgware, I've always been chuffed that the Daleks' flying saucer is hovering above my home town when Jenny and Barbara's dustcart is blown up. Interesting to note that as far back as 1964 the production team obviously realised that trying to get from London to Bedford on the M1 was a waste of time and the A41 would be much quicker . . ."
Mitchell Sandler, N London

The Powerful Enemy
"Although no-one ever seems to mention it, this is a pretty blatant rip-off of *Forbidden Planet* on a budget of tuppence. Lost civilisation, crashed spaceship, two survivors, father figure with a psychotic alien alter ego . . . Watch the two back-to-back and the similarities keep piling up. I love it, mind, particularly the Union Jack-bedecked rocket and that *Flash Gordon* cliffhanger."
Ian Potter, Sheffield

All Roads Lead to Rome
"It's very obvious that William Hartnell feels very much at home with this sort of material, reflected in a playful, almost flawless performance – especially the very physically demanding scene with the assassin, whom Hartnell trounces magnificently."
Jim Brown, Bucks

Conspiracy
"The comedy is very hit-and-miss in *The Romans*. There's some wonderful warm and witty dialogue, which fits the story superbly – and then there's Nero's chasing of Barbara around the palace, which just looks silly and out of place."
Jason Spencer, Dorset

For DWM 289, we need your comments on *The Crusade* 2 to *The Chase* 1 by 3 February. Send them to 'The Time Team' at the editorial address on page six or as e-mail, marked 'Time Team' in the subject line, to: *dwm@panini.co.uk*



Back seat driver

Privy to the creation of the Third Doctor, script assistant Trevor Ray made a big contribution to early 1970s Doctor Who – as Philip Newman discovers.

Seated in his colourful garden in the heart of the Suffolk countryside, Trevor Ray settles back in his chair and smiles rather enigmatically as I broach the subject of his little-known contribution to *Doctor Who*. I get the distinct impression that he finds the thought of discussing a programme he worked on 30 years ago rather curious. It's not that he's unwilling to talk about it – it's more that he's doubtful it's worth talking about at all!

"*Doctor Who* always had a following, but the cult that's grown up around it has turned it into something much more than it ever was, it really has," he volunteers. "The fans take it much more seriously than we ever did. We were just earning a living. It wasn't even highly regarded. I mean, we weren't *Z Cars*, we weren't 'Classic Series', we were 'only *Doctor Who*'."

Not, you might think, the most auspicious start to an interview. But I can see where he's coming from. Taken within the context of a 40-year career in which he has successfully combined work as an actor, writer and script editor, it's hardly surprising that he should consider a short stint on a notoriously difficult television series as relatively insignificant. Nevertheless, despite his scepticism that his so-called "ramblings" could be of interest to anyone, Trevor is more than happy to cast his mind back. Relaxed, witty and, at turns, wickedly dry and brutally frank, he begins by relating how he first became involved in the series.

"Derrick Sherwin had seen a thing I'd written for the BBC which he and Peter Bryant were producing. Then Derrick wrote a *Z Cars* in which I got cast as the villain [*Granny the Swings*, a 1967 two-parter in which Trevor played Vic Sade]. While I was doing it, Derrick [newly appointed story editor on *Doctor Who*] asked me what I was doing next. I said, 'Well, nothing really,' so he said, 'Do you want a job? We've got these two trainee script editor jobs that we've got to fill.' I said, 'Sure,' and I got it – it was just given me!"

Soon after, Derrick Sherwin assumed the producership, and Terrance Dicks became the series' script editor. "He was supposed to train us how to be good script editors, but it was really just a 'do as I do' sort of thing. As you know, it's not the most wonderful of jobs. Actually, I learned all I ever needed to know about script editing from Betty Willingale, who was *the* great script editor in television. I got seconded to her for about three days, and in that time she taught me everything! Anyway, we kind of trailed Terrance for some months, and then I got made up into his little helper. Terrance carried the can, of course – I was mostly given scripts and told, 'Can you rewrite that overnight?' I worked on about the last four of Patrick Troughton's stories."

That period was plagued with script problems, resulting in several last-minute replacements, including the ten-part Troughton finale *The War Games*. "Well, that's only because, in that case, at least two stories had fallen through, I should think, but that sort of thing happened all the time. I mean, I was set to sorting some writers out, but the writers who were being used and who actually wanted to do *Who* – and not many did! – were very unreliable. You'd come up with a decent idea, talk through the storyline with them and ask for a scene-by-scene breakdown of what they were going to do. You'd go through it all together and agree it, and sometimes they'd go away, having been commissioned, and you'd never hear from them again. On other occasions, the script would come in four or five weeks later and suddenly, instead of, say, a TARDIS scene, they'd have something with the entire band of the Brigade of Guards marching through. And these were established writers, you know, who knew better, or ought to have done. It was extraordinary. I'm sure the BBC bred people like that. I mean, we sat there for months just setting up the scripts – it took much longer than actually making the programmes.

"Generally speaking though, as far as writers went, they were pretty poor. Mac [Malcolm] Hulke, or 'Hack Mulke' as he was known, was a real hack and a total, absolute, pain in the arse! He was a great mate of Terrance's – he was, or became, Secretary of the Writers' Guild – but he would turn out absolute crap which he thought was the Bible and didn't want a word changed. He was useless. Some of his ideas were quite good, but the quality of the stories Mac wrote was dreadful.

"The best thing that happened to me on *Who* was when a script arrived on my desk one day called *A Man's Life*. It was a six-part series idea by Bob Baker and Dave Martin. It was the first thing they'd written, and it was terrific stuff! It was actually based on the army experiences of a friend of theirs who has since become recognised as Keith Floyd, the chef. Brilliant – but we couldn't use it! So I pushed it around the programme offices, but nobody wanted to do it. I was really taken with them, though, because unlike Mac or Pip and Jane Baker – who were basically the sort of people who'd write the Wednesday matinée plays for radio – they could actually write characters and dialogue. Anyway, I tried to get Bob and Dave down, but none of their ideas sort of fitted until after I'd left, in fact. But we've remained mates ever since. As far as I'm concerned, they were the only two writers of any quality to have hit *Who*.

> 'The fans take it much more seriously than we ever did. We were just earning a living'

"All *Doctor Who* ever really needed was a faintly off-the-wall setting for a series of episodes and then around that could be constructed whatever was necessary. I mean, I put one or two ideas forward myself. At one point, I wanted to put together an underwater one, so Peter and Derrick said, 'Terrific! Go ahead and do it!' So I went down and spent three days with the Marines at Poole and researched the Naval diving ship *HMS Reclaim* at Gosport. In the end, we didn't go ahead with it because of the technical difficulties. And, to be honest, I don't think I ever took it seriously enough to actually get a storyline through."

Knowing that *The Sea Devils* would employ those very facilities just a couple of years later, I suggest that the production team ultimately put his research to good use. Trevor isn't convinced that the two were connected, however: "If, as a script editor, you get an idea on your desk, you can guarantee that within the next three weeks you'll get the same idea from four other people. It's a kind of cosmic consciousness that suddenly everybody says, 'We must do an underwater one,' or something . . .

"Anyway, when Patrick's lot came to an end, Derrick, Peter and I set up a two-part pilot for a series called *Special Project Air*, which was done in conjunction with the RAF and set out in Singapore. At the same time, we were still putting the next series of *Who* together, and that was for Jon Pertwee."

I mention that Peter Bryant has often recalled that his first choice for Troughton's replacement was Ron Moody – which is

Photos: BBC Video [8] Richard Bignell [1] Philip Newman [1]

The War Games: Jamie, Zoe and the Doctor *en route* to a fateful encounter with the Time Lords

The War Games: the vile War Lord (Philip Madoc) flanked by his cruel cohorts

obviously news to Trevor. "No, not Ron Moody. I mean, if that's so, Peter must have been on his own, because I knew Ron – I'd been on stage with him in the musical *Oliver!* only a couple of years earlier – and I'm sure he would never have done it. No, I think it was always Jon. We would have had a list, but I can't remember who they were, and I don't recall anyone turning it down."

So what particular qualities had drawn Pertwee to the production team's attention? "One of the reasons why we chose Jon was because he was so off-the-wall. He also had this tremendous skill as a prestidigitator, a sleight-of-hand man. At some point, he'd been – or said he'd been – a member of the Magic Circle, and he was terrific. I mean, you'd give him a pack of cards, anything like that, and he'd astound you. So we thought, 'This is good,' because there was nothing really for the Doctor to make use of apart from the Sonic Screwdriver. So this 'sleight-of-hand' business all became part of the idea for Jon's Doctor.

"Of course, when Jon joined, he immediately said, 'I've been doing Light Ent [-ertainment] all my life. Nobody's ever taken me seriously as an actor, and this is a chance for me to be taken seriously' – and refused to do any of it! So we really were at our wits' end because scripts had already been written on the fact that he could do these things. It caused a lot of hassle." (Some moments, of course, did slip through, usually without explanation – including the 'disappearing trick' demonstrated in *The Ambassadors of Death* Episode 2.)

The 'feel' of the early Pertwee stories has often been compared to that of the BBC's early 1950s Quatermass serials. Trevor had, clearly, been thinking along those very lines. "When I had to talk to writers, I said to them, 'Look, what we need with this is to make it more like [writer] Nigel Kneale – you know, Quatermass – because for that, traffic stopped. People got out of buses to watch it in shop windows.' And I was sat there one day saying this to somebody – I think it was [*Z Cars* creator] Troy Kennedy Martin, who I tried to introduce, but he just didn't want to know – when I thought, 'I wonder what it looks like now?' So Terrance and I went down to Elstree and watched one of the 16mm copies they had – and within ten minutes we were lying on the ground drumming our ears! It was just *so* awful! For a start, Sylvia Peters comes on to introduce it. Then Duncan Lamont [playing astronaut Victor Caroon] lands with an enormous explosion, and the dust clears to reveal the tail-fin of this 'thing' sticking out of a terraced house. The entire inside of the house is derelict, smoke and dust everywhere, and then the bedroom door opens and a character comes out, looks over the landing balustrade and says something like, 'Cor, come and see this, luv. It's a spaceship!' I mean, we were *finished*! I remember Terrance saying to me, 'Nigel Kneale? Nigel *bloody* Kneale?! What *are* you talking about?'"

Nevertheless, the new Doctor was brought down to Earth – and into colour – in Robert Holmes' *Spearhead From Space*. "The first Pertwee one – that had the shop window dummies, didn't it? God, that comes back! I've a feeling that Derrick re-wrote that one, because he produced it. The director was Derek Martinus – or 'Dry Martinus', as he was known! Now there was a man of great humour. A very straight man. Not a bad director, but very straight. Anyway, I know we were very upset because we were about to go into production when suddenly there was a strike at the Telly Centre and we couldn't have TC3, which was the only colour studio at the time. Derrick decided, 'Bugger this! We're not going to lose the work we've done on it. We'll put it all on film.' The Beeb said, 'No, you can't do that,' but we came up with budgets which were actually cheaper, by using the BBC training facilities at Evesham. I can remember sitting up all night when that was being re-budgeted, and it came in several thousand pounds under the original budget. Whether we kept to that or not I can't remember, but it was the budget that you had to have approved! Anyway, we got through it.

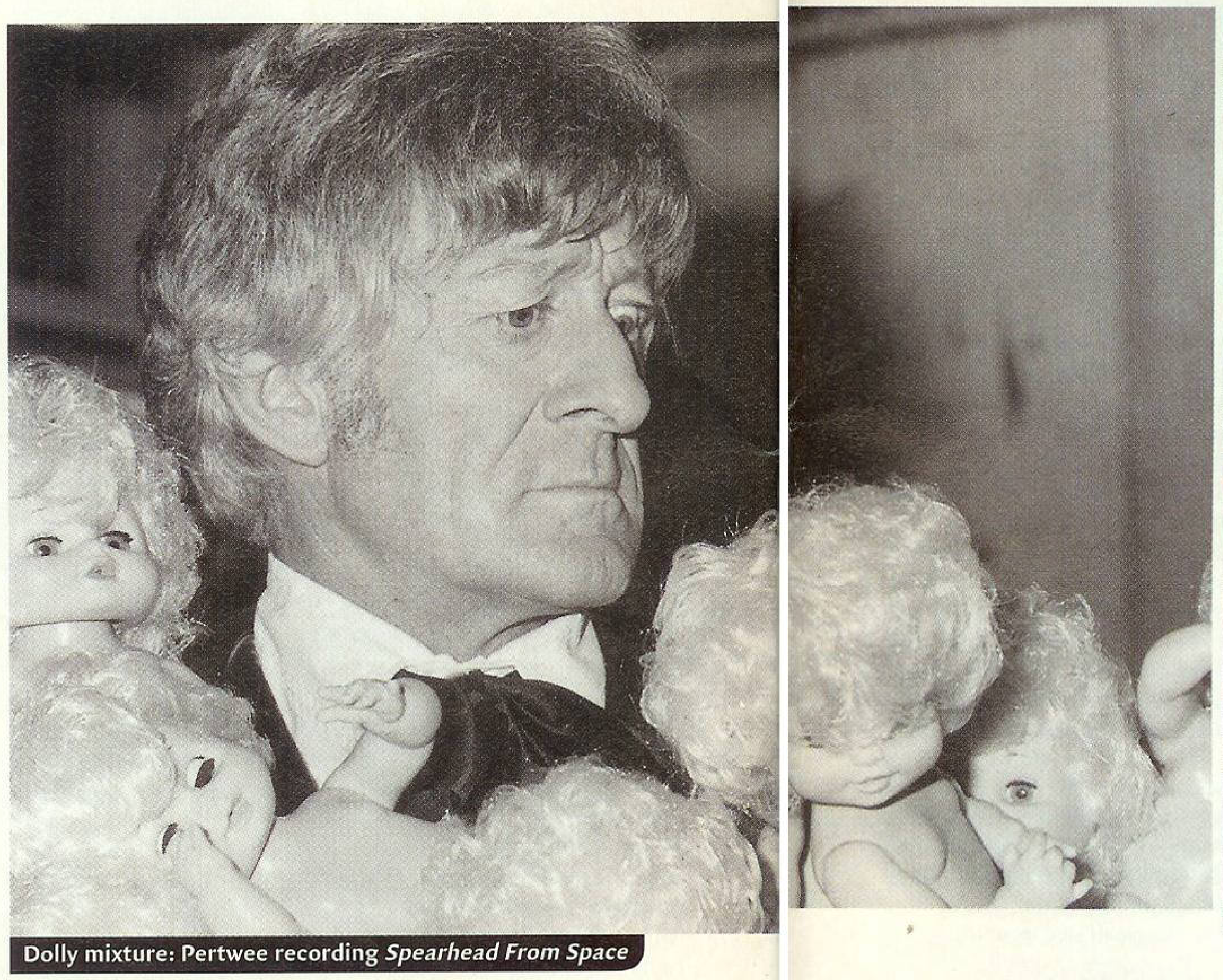
"In the meantime, I'd seen a television magazine programme which featured these two lads down in Weymouth who were building replica 'joke' old motor cars. I told Derrick and Peter, we got in touch with them and they came up with Bessie, the car for *Who*. So we'd got that by then."

So, would he say that he had instigated the introduction of the Doctor's vintage yellow roadster? "No, no, it wasn't my idea. I wouldn't take any credit for it at all. I just came across it. I mean, there were four of us in a pair of offices, so anything that

'The writers were pretty poor. Malcolm Hulke was a real hack and a total pain!'

Slap happy: Jon Pertwee and Caroline John in Make-up

'Jon said he'd been doing Light Entertainment all his life. He wanted to be taken seriously'



Dolly mixture: Pertwee recording *Spearhead From Space*

Spearhead From Space: the Brigadier and Liz meet the paparazzi. Villain Channing hovers close by . . .

happened, was going to happen or could possibly happen on the programme was discussed at the bar or while we were having coffee. These sorts of ideas used to get thrown around all the time and discarded, but this one just happened to stick, you know? It was, 'Here's a whimsical thing, what about if he had an old motor car?' And rather than having a recognisable motor car, he had something that he could have knitted together himself."

Trevor was responsible for bringing a new technique to the production team's attention. "Yes, I did try to get something started for *Who*, though I don't think anything came of it. The BBC had these techno-wizards hidden in various places around Kensington and further out, and I heard that some kind of research department had started playing with thermal imaging. I thought that we might be able to have a monster that was just a person walking around but filmed on a thermal imaging camera. So I asked this guy to come along and show us what could happen. What you got was this 'heat monster', giving off heat in various degrees in different colours." The process would eventually be used for the Martians in *The Ambassadors of Death*.

Dog's breakfast: Pertwee and Fulton MacKay on location for *Doctor Who and the Silurians*

Doctor Who and the Silurians: Liz and the Doctor suit up to investigate the caves beneath Wenley Moor

Pertwee takes flight at the Hankley Common location for *Doctor Who and the Silurians*

"Around this time, Peter and Derrick were moving on to *Paul Temple*, and Barry Letts was coming in to produce *Who*. However, he couldn't get to us for six weeks or so because he was still working on *Owen MD* with Nigel Stock, so Peter and Derrick said to me, 'Well, you stay and hold the fort on *Who*.' And for a few weeks, I did just that, and was nominally a kind of associate producer – but still on assistant script editor money, as the BBC does. I know I had to budget the filming of *Doctor Who and the Silurians* and get it up and running, and it was me who took Jon off to Hankley Common, down at Frensham Ponds, for the location work. It was a place we used quite a lot for filming because there's a Ministry of Defence place nearby at Guildford."

'I said we needed to make it more like Quatermass – because the traffic stopped for that!'

The filming went smoothly – until, that is, the Visual Effects department stepped in. "All special effects men, wherever you find them, are schoolboys, third-formers who like big noises. The chap who used to do most of our special effects, Michealjohn Harris, had been badly hurt when he'd rigged a grand piano for Charlie Drake which had blown up in his face. His entire team would constantly be going, 'Whoops! Sorry!' – blowing things up at the wrong time. And, of course, the special effects went wrong on the Silurian story . . ."

Trevor is thinking of the explosive climax to Episode 7, where the Silurians are entombed in their caves by UNIT. "It had been a blazing hot summer – there was dry grass, gorse and broom everywhere – and, special effects being so crude then, they were using petro-gel for the explosions. Now, when petro-gel goes up in the air, it comes down again still burning – so when it came down, it set light to the entire bloody common! Everything went up in flames! We rushed around, trying to beat it out with broken-off shrubs – there were something like 60 people trying to put this fire out – and it burned the entire hillside! After what must have been a couple of hours, we managed to get it down to a dull roar and eventually it sort of stopped.

"Afterwards, we were all in the chuck-wagon having egg butties and coffee – and, as you may imagine, we were all black from this – when, suddenly, we heard the clanging of bells and two fire engines arrived. Chief chummy got out and asked, 'Who's in charge?' – and, of course, everyone pointed at me. He asked where the fire was, but I just said, 'What fire? We're just filming' – I mean, we all stank of it! – and he said, 'Well, a big grass fire's been reported by several house-holders in the area.' I said, 'Oh, I know what you're talking about,' and led him up onto this little knoll. Miles away from Frensham Ponds, a little pillar of smoke was going up in the air – someone had a garden fire – and I said, 'Well, that's probably it!' He said, 'But they wouldn't call us out for that, would they?' So I said, 'I don't know!' And with an, 'Oh well, thanks for your help. We must get on' – they left! I was terrified that we were going to get charged firstly for the Brigade being called out, secondly for arson – and that the MOD would never let us on the site again. We just about got away with that!"

It seems that Visual Effects wasn't the only department the *Doctor Who* team had to contend with. "All the sound crews were numbered and they'd be allocated to your programme – but we used to fight against having Sound Crew 9. We'd go back and say, 'No, we can't use them because we need . . .' – and invent things we knew they couldn't do, because they were known as 'Boom Bang-a-bang'! They had the only boom swinger who had ever hit an actor in full flow! It had bounced off the top of his head in mid-sentence!"

When I remind Trevor of the director of *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, his immediate reaction takes me by surprise. "Tim Combe, my God! Is he still around? It brings back . . . it must have been on the same thing, because Tim would never have been allowed to direct anything twice. Geoffrey Palmer was in that one, wasn't he? Yes, that's right. I was in charge of this, it's all coming back. Geoffrey had to get off a train at Marylebone Station and walk through the concourse, with people dropping dead left and right of him because of some lurgi he was carrying. Well, we could only get Marylebone Station for the Sunday morning, and we had to be finished by mid-day, so we assembled about 7.30am. It was bitterly cold, so I guarantee there would have been a lot of brandy to drink – I think we took three or four bottles on board the London coach and just sat there drinking. So what started off being quite silly then got very much sillier . . .

"What happened was that Geoffrey had been sent off to Watford or somewhere like that, and been put on a train that was going to pull in at the desired platform. I was playing the ticket collector, so I got into the box and started taking tickets as the passengers got off the train. Geoffrey was among them and, if you look at it, the camera picks him up and follows him as he comes along the platform, hands in his ticket and sweeps through. We cut in some other shots later but, as he goes past me, Tim – who's crouched behind the ticket box – says, 'Now, die!' So as the next woman who gives me her ticket is asking, 'Could you please tell me how to get to Euston?', I start sliding down onto the floor, gargling. I was still looking at her during all this, so I could see this poor woman thinking, 'This man's having a heart attack. I can stay and help him, but if I do, I miss my connection at Euston!' – and all this was going through her face as she followed me down. Once I was on the floor, she ran off across the concourse. I turned to Tim and said, 'Did you get that?' He said, 'I don't think so, but it was good, wasn't it?!' There were these bodies all over the place, and punters were getting off trains going, 'Oh dear. What's the matter?'"

It's already well-known that members of the production team – including Barry Letts and Terrance Dicks – featured as extras in the plague scenes in Episode 6. However, Trevor has another story to tell. "Chris D'Oyly John, the PA [production assistant], came to me and said, 'I want some man hours, some budget. We've got to have 12 special extras.' I asked what that meant, so he explained that they got paid £11.50 instead of £3.80 or whatever for the day, so that Tim could direct them himself. In those days, the director couldn't talk directly to extras – he had to tell his PA or floor manager, who would then go and tell them what to do – and then they never got it right. Chris was going to get these people from the agency where they got all the extras, but as far as I was concerned, this was going to cost a lot of money. So I said, 'Can you leave it with me for an hour? I'm going to phone some mates!'

"Now, if you take a very careful look at the episode, in the background, just falling over and sliding down, you might be able to pick out the famous faces of the extras – if you can discern them, that is, because they were all heavily made up; they insisted on sideburns, moustaches, spots and stuff. My lovely partner, Prunella Ransome, was there – she played a couple of characters in that, a nurse and something else. I daren't tell you who the others were – they were mostly theatre folk, but some of them are household names. When we showed it to Shaun Sutton [the then Head of Series and Serials], as we had to do with each episode, he sat there doing these big double-takes – 'Is that . . . ? Why is she . . . ? Er, can we go back on that, please?' I had to explain myself, of course, because it wasn't the sort of thing you were supposed to do at the BBC!" (Trevor won't name names on the record, but I've got my own suspicions when reviewing the episode later. I *think* I've seen a Dame with Masculine appeal and an erstwhile Lawrence currently *Unwell* in the West End. But I'm probably mistaken . . .)

'All special effects men are schoolboys, third-formers who like big noises!'

By the time *The Ambassadors of Death* entered production, Trevor was already moving on. "I may have been involved script-wise on that [he rewrote the entire first episode, in fact], but I don't think I was around during the making of it, because Peter and Derrick had asked me to script-edit *Paul Temple* by then. We had to scrap the existing 12 scripts and get another 12 together, so by the end of that I was not happy. I mean, I'd had the six months' probationary thing as a trainee followed by a year's contract, and it was going to be, I think, a three-year contract after that. The thought of another three years didn't appeal. You see, I wasn't an entirely 'useful' script editor because I refused to take part in all the internal politics.

"After *Temple*, I went on to write *Children of the Stones* for HTV, *Raven* for ATV and two series of *Kids* with Jeremy Burnham. In fact, Jeremy and I have just written a sequel to *Children of the Stones*. We suddenly realised that the boy and girl in the story would now be grown-up with children of their own . . . All the things I've written with Jeremy have been a bit paranormal, 'just beyond the range of vision'-type things. I spent ten years as an actor at the National Theatre in London, and another six as commissioning editor for Bill Bryden when he was head of BBC Drama in Glasgow.

"I've always acted and written at the same time. I'm still acting – I recently appeared in the historical costume drama *Aristocrats* for the BBC and in Chekhov's *Three Sisters* up in Birmingham – but now I tend more and more to want to work with chums. I've been in this business 40-odd years and it's been very kind, really – but the directors one meets now are 12 years old and it's no fun, it really isn't. And it's got to be fun, you know? That's why I prefer writing, because I can stay at home and do it – acting means you've got to go away from home and you wake up in strange places with odd people!" DWM

It's the end, but . . .

by **The Watcher**

As a special festive treat, I'm sparing you my usual incontinent dribblings in favour of a seasonal extravaganza of obscurity, nonsense and unadulterated trivia. Veering from the comparatively easy to the ridiculously hard, my 50-question Christmas quiz should hang around even longer than those unappetising turkey sandwiches relegated to a bundle of clingfilm at the back of the fridge. For the sake of clarity, unless otherwise stated the questions refer to televised *Doctor Who* only, and for the present purposes that includes *Shada*. Answers next issue. And a Merry Christmas to all of you at home!

Connections

Let's begin with five of the usual, shall we? What connects . . .

1 *The Daleks' Master Plan*, *Full Circle* and *Planet of Fire*?
2 A civil servant with a broken arm, a ceremonial official and what bankrupted Cordo?
3 *The Three Doctors*, *Planet of Evil*, *Earthshock* and *Arc of Infinity*?
4 The Doctor, Edward Waterfield and Aubrey Waites?
5 *Marco Polo*, *The Romans*, *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve* (among others), *The Enemy of the World* and *Arc of Infinity*?

Brief encounters

In which stories do we hear of the Doctor's unseen encounters with . . .

6 The Venerable Bede?
7 Napoleon Bonaparte?
8 Gilbert and Sullivan?
9 Mrs Samuel Pepys?
10 Theseus and Ariadne (two possible answers)?

Famous last words

The following are the final spoken words (ignoring reunion stories and Children in Need specials) of regulars or semi-regulars in *Doctor Who*. But whose?

11 "Oh dear!"
12 "No, but you're getting warm."
13 "Ooh, I feel fine."
14 "Twin?"
15 "Ah yes, thank you, it's good. Keep warm."

Famous first words

Which stories begin with the following utterances?

16 "25 MPS, one million miles, mass variable."
17 "Doctor, come on will you – look!"
18 "20 solits to warp thrust."
19 "Take no prisoners – kill them all!"
20 "Just where do you think you're going?"

A question of geography

We all know the Daleks dug up Bedfordshire, but here are some rather less obvious locations . . .

21 Who had a small estate in Nottinghamshire?
22 Who or what was last sighted over Leicestershire?
23 Who moved to Harrogate?
24 Who lost the chance to tour the rivers of France?
25 Who camped out in the Chilterns?

Take two

In each case, find two different stories in which the following concepts arise:

26 The Doctor's scarf being cut in two by a sword.
27 The Doctor smoking a pipe.
28 Flagrant use of the word 'jackanapes'.
29 Episode 3 ending with a manic speech which concludes, '. . . stop me now!'
30 Eating cats (two adjacent stories).

Answers from last issue

1 They all contain scenes supposedly set on the exact day the episodes were transmitted (confirmation on *Logopolis* comes in the following year's *Four to Doomsday*).

2 Q-Capsules (*The Sun Makers*), Q-Star (*Arc of Infinity*) and Susan Q [pictured] (*The Happiness Patrol*).

3 Each has played more than one incarnation of the Doctor (Walsh doubled for the Third and Fourth, McCoy stood in as the Sixth, and Broadbent played him in two comedy spoofs).

4 They all feature 'real' crowned heads of Europe (Richard I, Elizabeth I, Charles IX of France, Elizabeth II).

5 Add an A to each: Tegan/Tegana; Kal/Kala; Morgan/Morgana.

6 The actors who played them (William Russell, Tom Baker, Valentine Dyall, Nicola Bryant, John Hallam) all played guest roles in various series of *The Black Adder*. I thought it would be more fun to leave out the obvious ones like Brian Blessed or Elspet Gray . . .

Celebrity walk-ons

Occasionally, *Doctor Who*'s fictional characters share their names with famous people or confectionery products from the real world. Identify this lot . . .

31 A Nazi sympathiser, or a Cryon's husband?
32 A doomed miner whose death was hardly poetic?
33 An existentialist playwright waiting on the moon?
34 Blew up an alien rock face but sadly didn't count down from three beforehand?
35 Kept her section in mint condition?

Whatever next?

What comes next in the following sequences?

36 100, 000 BC, *The Savages*, *Spearhead From Space*, *Robot* and . . . ?
37 [pictured] Susan, Leela, Romana, Adric and . . . ?
38 *The Mark of the Rani*, *The Evil of the Daleks*, *The Chase*, *The Gunfighters* and . . . ?
39 Master, Dalek, Captain, Cyberman and . . . ?
40 *Death to the Daleks*, *Planet of Evil*, *Pyramids of Mars*, *The Invisible Enemy* and . . . ?

Anagrams

Unscramble the story titles.

41 TIRESOME SHAKY FUN
42 THREE COMMENDABLE FREAKS
43 WHY DEFER TO THE LEMON
44 DAFT MORON TELEPHONES
45 VEHEMENT GREY CORN BEEF

And finally . . .

A random grab-bag to finish us off.

46 Tom has five, Davison has seven, McCoy has three, Pertwee and Colin have one apiece, but Hartnell, Troughton and McGann have none at all. Eh?
47 If you add a guarantee of liberty to the number of worlds ruled by Morgaine, and multiply that by the eyes of a cave, why would the result be useful information for Earth's defences in 2526?
48 If the ultimate weapon of the 1980s is followed by the ruler of Terra Alpha, her right-hand woman and a pocket universe, which victim of scavenging is revealed?
49 During his battle against the Nucleus of the Swarm, how might the Doctor have found himself in the vicinity of the Investigator's ship, **DWM**'s Life-Bringer and, provisionally, *The Mind of Evil*?
50 Enough cryptic nonsense. Apart from William Hartnell & assorted festive company in *The Daleks' Master Plan: The Feast of Steven*, which other team of *Doctor Who* regulars wished BBC viewers a Merry Christmas straight to camera?

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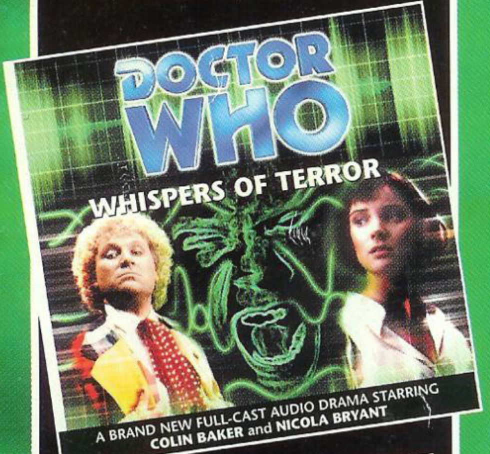
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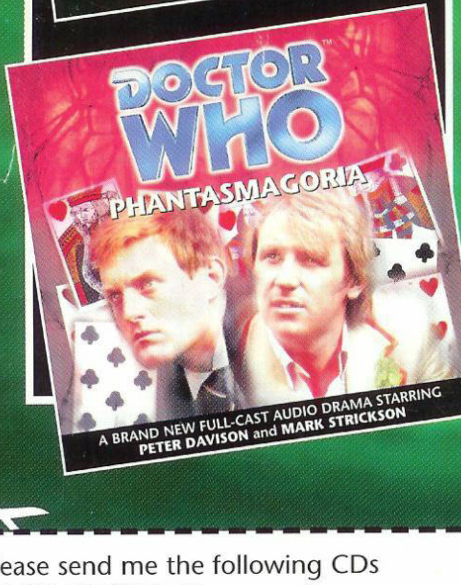
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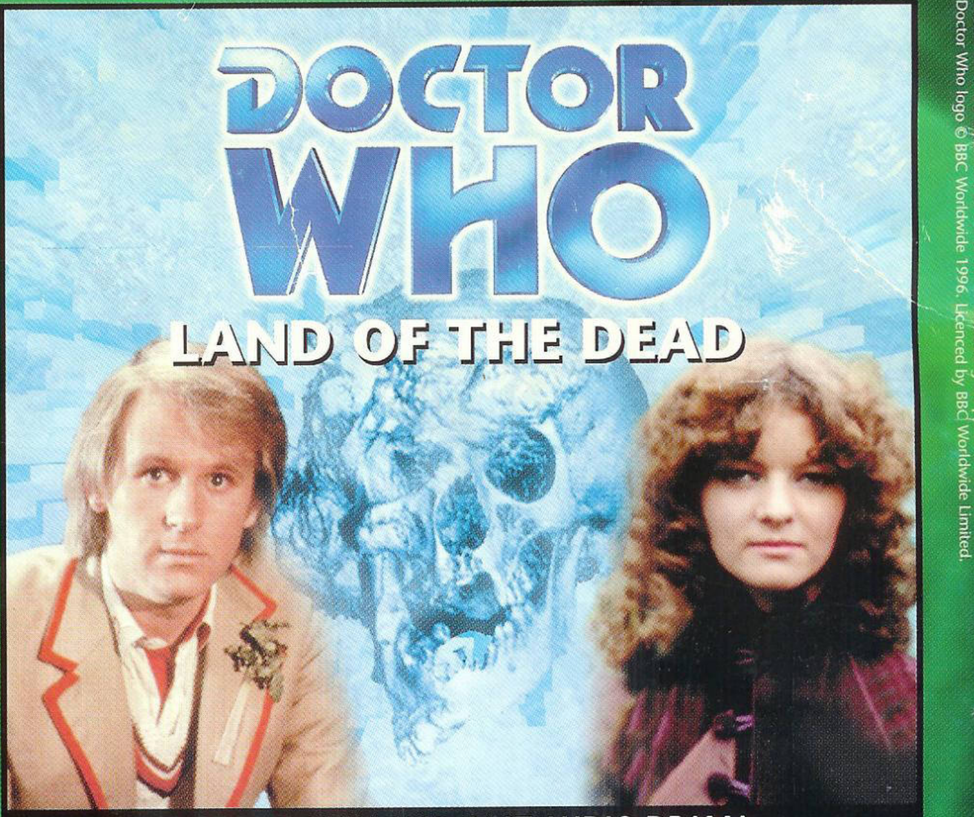
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